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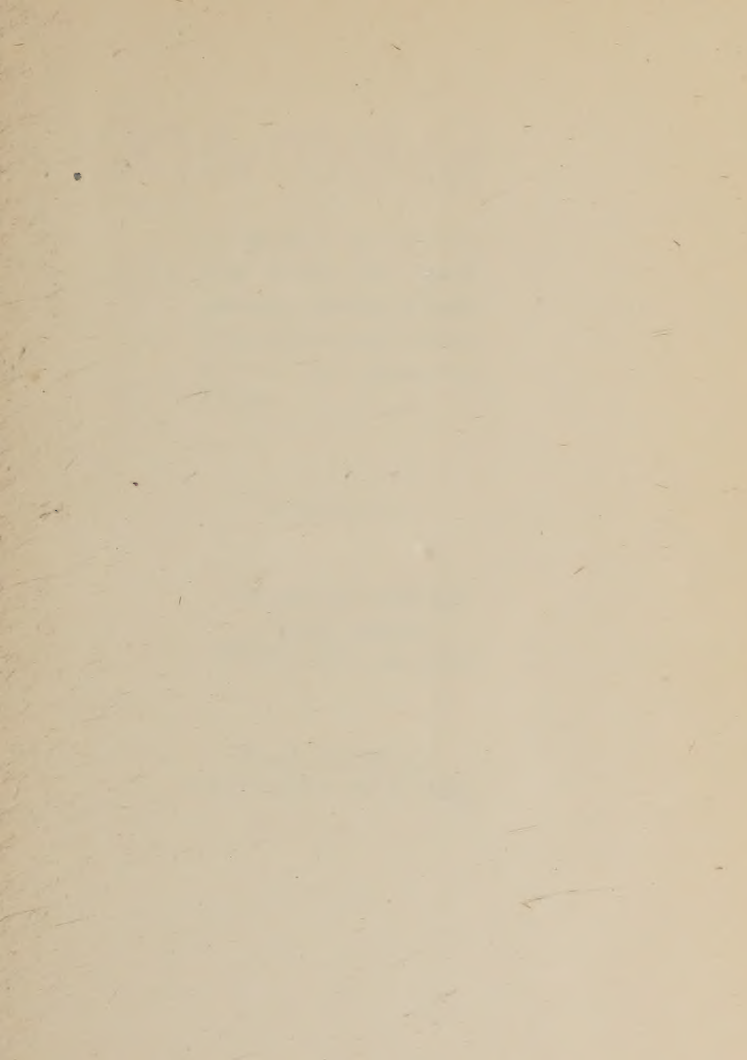
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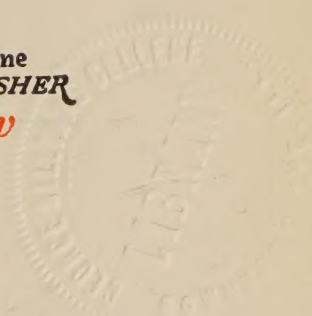
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VOLUME X

THE MASTER'S COLLEGE
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The Bibelot

WHEN, in *The Bibelot for April, 1896*, we printed certain Songs of Dead Florentines — a series of Italian lyrics in large part done into English by the late John Addington Symonds — it was, confessedly, with the title in mind of a book but recently issued, to wit: *A Masque of Dead Florentines*, / wherein some of Death's Choicest Pieces, and / the Great Game that he played therewith, / are fruitfully set forth. / [Motto: "*Fiorenza mia, ben puoi esser contenta.*"] / [*Publishers' Device.*] / By Maurice Hewlett / Pictured by J. D. Batten / J. M. Dent & Co. / — London, / MDCCCXCV.

A few months earlier, *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, being Impressions and Translations of Maurice Hewlett, had been brought out by the same publishers, — a book dismissed with scant, disparaging estimate in *The Athenæum*, — though now seen to have held within its all too few pages one indubitable little "Imaginary Portrait," fit to be ranked immediately after the four elaborately finished cabinet-pieces of the same name and genre by

Walter Pater. This episode in the life of Botticelli (Quattrocentisteria), was recognized by one reader at least and, as an immediate result, transferred to our pages in May, 1896. As for the Masque it apparently fell still-born from the press: to the best of our knowledge and belief no criticism whatever, in any journal of note in England or America, being passed upon it.¹

From our personal view-point — and that is all we have to offer — Mr. Hewlett's morality-play, if one chooses to call it so, is a brilliant conception, bringing together as it does, the august shades of the men and women of the Renaissance. It is in very truth "a masque of death's old comedy," of which a brief analysis may not be considered unwelcome to those who now read it for the first time.

The First Part opens with an invocation of Dante; then Beatrice is seen, followed by Laura and Petrarch, and, quite out of historic sequence, Boccace and his Fiammetta. Then the three ladies of old time dance and recede from sight, while the Chorus recites their worth and the renown of their lovers; whereupon Giotto, Corso Donati, Farinata, Buondelmonte, Guido Cavalcante

¹ See Bibliographical Note at the end of Part II.

and the Lady Piccarda Donati appear. Lastly comes Fra Beato Angelico, the scene closing with Chorus giving voice to approval of his lovely life and quiet end.

Part Second deals with "Love and Italy and Art their fosterling," and immediately we have speech with Fra Lippo Lippi; then enter Pico della Mirandola, Bartolommeo Scala, Lionardo da Vinci, all voicing the bitter outcry of the Psalmist. Simonetta now makes moan over the dead days of her youth, and her lover Giuliano, with others of the house of Medici pass over the stage with Lorenzo, greatest of them all, upon whom the Three Reproaches habited as bent old women heap their curses for his misdeeds. Poliziano, who was with the Magnificent when he died, then recites an elegy and is dismissed into darkness. We now see Cosimo di Medici, hard upon whose footsteps follows Savonarola with the two who most loved and bated him; and last comes Botticelli whose lament is broken in upon by the Chorus with a sinister dirge of its own. Then the Sun shines out and Luca della Robbia speaks in his own praise which is fully justified by the ever-discerning Chorus. Quatrains are now respectively recited by Macchiavelli, Cellini and Pulci, and the burden of Florence, her destiny and

doom, sums itself up in a final invocation of Michael Angelo. So passes the glory of the City of Lilies.

We reprint the text of A Masque of Dead Florentines in its entirety. As Mr. Batten's illustrations do not lend themselves to satisfactory reproduction they have been omitted. With the lapse of time it is unlikely that this thin oblong quarto will lose value either in the eyes of the collector or the lover of poetry for its own sake.



FOR FEBRUARY :
A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES
PART II.

FOR MARCH :
POEMS BY LIONEL JOHNSON.

A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES.
PART I.

*Here you see, as in a glass,
Death and Florence grip and pass.
One was scornful as a maid
In her bravery fresh array'd :
One was brawny, hearted brass —
Which look'd longer, Death or lass ?*

*Gentles, you and Death and I
Have a friendly fall to try.
He is masterful and plays
Steadily ; looks not for praise,
Heeds no blame. Your head is high,
High as mine — but by and bye ?*

TO MY PROVED COMPANION OF
FLORENTINE DAYS AND OTHER SEASONS
OF FAIR AND FOUL WEATHER—
THIS NORTHERN FRUIT
TO
MY WIFE.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IT will sufficiently be seen that this poem does not treat of *Florentine* history; that it flouts chronology. *Nullum tempus occurrit regi*. May this maxim be twisted to further the poet? The painters adopted it when they yoked *Lucrece*, *Susanna*, and the daughters of *Danaus* to *Chastity's* chariot; and *Dante* found *Ulysses* in the same pit with *Guido da Montefeltro*. Let this serve as my excuse for setting *Giotto* after *Boccace*, and for worse discourtesies to *Time's* travels.

PERSONS OF THE MASQUE.

A CHORUS OF TIRED LADIES AND POETS FORGOTTEN.

THE FLORENTINE SHADES.

A HERALD.

THREE REPROACHES.

KING DEATH.

THE MASQUE :

FIRST PART.

The Scene is an open *loggia* giving upon a garden in winter, with leafless trees, and cypresses. The rain stands in pools; over all is the sougning of a great wind. A fitful sunshine comes and goes.

AFTER THE SECOND SOUNDING.

The *Chorus* of twelve poets and twelve ladies, robed alike in sad-coloured habits, comes into the garden, and looking towards a terminal statue of *Memory* which is in it, says this :

I.

WE have lost what we had won,
Love's reward for love's work done.
Sightless *Memory* receiv'd
No news, if we joy'd or griev'd.
Were we lov'd? She lov'd us not.
Pity-worth? Behov'd us not.
Yet we count us happier
Than are they whose keener star
Shone about them while they stayed
Here with us; and when they strayed
Forbore *Death* their names to hide :
We are they who quietly died.

Of quiet death.

II.

Invocation of the great ones. Here begins that crimson line,
 Greater none, nor more divine.
 By thy grimness of achieving,
 By the scope of thy conceiving,
God-creative, Heaven-cleaving,
Alighieri! lift thy head
 From among the sheeted dead.
Buonarroti! *God* is just;
 Come thou too to close the trust:
 Tell the story
 How the glory
 Of thy burgh was pash'd in dust.

Dante Alighieri passes, in sober red habit and cowled; a tongue of fire above his brow. DANTE.
 The first to speak in *Florence, Florence* spurn'd
 My song and service. From home to outland turn'd,
 I sensed *God's* secrets, eating salted bread.
God woke my love by death: they crown'd me, dead.

CHORUS.

O lasso! Woe, the dead poet! Woe, the alien tomb,
 And brooding brow shadow'd by all *Hell's* gloom!
 How was that City proud and confident
 That past him by. Alas! all's woe upon her!

Say, wouldst thou know his heart? His heart was riven :
To *God* one half, to *Beatrice* half was given.
But since *God* saw *Heav'n* bare without her soul,
He took her; and the cloven heart was whole.

BEATRICE.

My spirit, like a sigh, just flutter'd o'er
Our homestead city; melted then to soar
As altar-smoke. But one who'd mourn'd me wed,
Follow'd me from that Feast. I liv'd, being dead.

CHORUS.

*Beatrice Por-
tinari passes.
She is in a
clear green
garment, and
holds her hand
to her heart.*

I.

God saw her beautiful, and lov'd, and took her!
How dark the city sate
(That joyed of late)
When she, that youngest angel-shape, forsook her.

II.

This is that man who thought it well
Alone to tread the gulfs of *Hell*,
Who look'd on naked sin beneath
The mask of life, and call'd it death.

Nor lost he there his latest breath,
Nor all the pity he had shed;
But it was heap'd on him, and led
Him outward from the cavern's teeth.

*Of Dante
and Beatrice.*

And that great utterance he said
Liveth, and he who saw the dead
Cannot taste death; for *Death's* hand shook
To feel the burden of his Book.

And this is She at whose death-moan
The wasted City sat alone;
And She whose giving up of life
Forewarn'd him take her soul to wife.

III.

*Of Song, the
miraculous
child.* From the nuptial of Spirit and Spirit,
From the girdle that bound her young heart,
Unloosed by the tongue of his art,
Sprang the burning miraculous Child
All soothsay that was to inherit,
To nourish and foster and spread,
Till all kindreds should leap when he smiled,
Or panting run whither he led
At the spell of his treacherous merit.

O *Song*, with the throat of a bird
And loins and core of a youth;
O *Song*, crystal harbour of truth,
That sprang from Love mated with Power!
O *Song*, when thy harping was blurr'd,
Thoughttest thou, O *Song*, in thy ruth,
What blood had water'd thy flower

Ere yet one tendril had stirr'd?
What paling of virginal bosoms,
What prayerful, and tearful, and sooth
Upgiving of strength, that thy blossoms
Should bud in that clamorous hour?

But *Song* set his delicate feet
In the way of the *World* and the mire;
Song tasted the fruit of desire,
And laugh'd at the clouding of eyes
(For he knew love's filming was sweet).
So *Song* held revel, and loud
Sang he with passionate cries:
And his raiment was golden and proud.
Thus the cup of his wrath was complete.

IV.

Song as a child was full of peace
Laid in the bosom of *Beatrice*.
O sweet lady, O griev'd heart,
How fared *Song* and his brother *Art*?

LAURA.

I gave my love to him who lov'd my face,
I did him wifely service with good grace;
Nor lean'd aside to what my Poet said:
But I may thank him now that I am dead.

*Laura comes,
a youthful
Matron in a
high-waisted
gown, a child
at either hand.
She looks pa-
tiently before
her, with good
courage.*

Petrarch. He PETRARCH.

*has a laurel-
wreath, and
bears a little
crystal urn
wherein is
his own heart.*

My voice was as the swan's that dirgeth death;
My joys were frail things, lighter than a breath.
But, like the night, I froze them to a brede —
They wove me crowns thereof, and wrapt me dead.

CHORUS.

*The Chorus
tells of his
consolation.*

"Merci," she laugh'd him once; a glove discarded,
A parting, and a meeting:
With these his poet's hunger was rewarded;
But in her greeting,
Or when the light of her died down and flutter'd
As stars at dawning,
Or at her coming various song-birds utter'd
The rosy birth of morning;
Or when he knelt and took her hand's warm sheathing,
His heart on fire
Shot golden words unto his lips, which breathing
Did lift him higher
Than ever long assuagement of desire.

Boccace passes, BOCCACE:

*crowned with
flowers, a
wreath'd
thyrsus in
his hand.*

Heavy the blossoms, sultry-sweet the wine,
And all the air gold-dusted with sun-shine.
I found a girl's warm bosom for my head,
And — *God* was good! I lov'd till I was dead.

FIAMMETTA.

I brought my burning wealth up from the South,
I kiss'd him with the kisses of my mouth :
The low slow laugh when Southern love is fed
Was longer mine : I cloyed him, he is dead.

CHORUS.

Yes, thou art dead, *Boccace* !

Thy garden-plot, a hundred starry flowers,
Yet springs, is fragrant yet of soft light loves,
Love languid, love askance, love under bowers
Of myrtle trees, love eager, love that proves

How love may ache, alas !

And she, thy confident fair

That set her gleaming teeth
To the rind of thy fruits, laid bare

Her white throat soft as death

To warm to thy amorous breath.

She let down the pride of her hair,

A flood and tangle of gold,

And sat embower'd there

Like pale Queen *Helen* of old :

Scarlet her lips, but the white of her globed breasts
is untold !

The three Ladies dance a stately solemn measure, to
this versing :

*Fiammetta
passes. She
is robed like a
King's daugh-
ter, and car-
ries a pair of
golden shears.*

*Of Boccace's
book.*

*And of the
sweetness of
his Lady.*

The Measure. *Beatrice*, the white Lady,
Lead our mystic pageantry ;

Laura, slim and carcanetted,
Shy as violets dew-wetted ;

Fiammetta, lissom, young,
Golden as the arum's tongue,

Follow in the antic round,
Eyes demurely cast to ground.

High-born, stately, queens, we pass
Treading daintily the grass.

BEATRICE.

I was nine when I was wooed,
Never word my poet could.

LAURA.

Wedded wife was I, my poet
Won my looks but could not know it.

FIAMMETTA.

Great King's daughter though I were,
I chose my poet debonnair.

THE THREE LADIES.

Twine white arms, tread the measure :
Ours the grace and theirs the treasure.

Let the ghostly ladies pass
Like the mist on springing grass.

BEATRICE.

I was wedded ere my years
Number'd twelve : I shed no tears.

LAURA.

Children bore I to my lord
As thy years ; I sighed no word.

FIAMMETTA.

Wedded I, but love is free :
Not my husband pleased me.

THE THREE LADIES.

All the years and all the blisses
Come and go like children's kisses.

We are dead, and now, alas !
Shadows of us haunt the grass.

The three Ladies pass away ; but the *Chorus*,
looking still upon their poets, says this :

I.

Of the Great Lo! now, the mighty triad of old *Florence*
Three. Mewed like strong eagles in *Death's* pale abhorrence.
 The first set patient at his prison-bars,
 Look'd up and saw his lady with the stars;
 The next, slow-pacing, holding him apart,
 Pierc'd his own breast to *Laura* in his heart;
 And last the Reveller, flushing high, did pass,
 Look'd down on *Fiammetta* couch'd in grass.
 O strength, that scann'd all Heaven, and Man, and
 Earth!
 O glory, that could give such seeing birth.

II.

Of the They built a shrine anon to speak those three,
Duomo. Soaring aloft, dome-shadow'd like a world,
 Deep-founded as the good brown Earth their fee,
 And set about with massy, rich-empearl'd
 Smooth marble (like the soul of Poetry),
 And winding leafage of vine and olive curl'd,
 Down drooping o'er the column'd tracery.
 How goodly shone the vasty fabric hurl'd
 Tow'rd *Heaven* up, yet cleaving sturdily
 To *Earth's* broad bosom and the grey street's track,
 Barr'd like a great moth's wing with rose and black,
 Knew all men best when (breath'd by *God*) its flower
 Spear'd up of his desire, the lily-tower.

III.

Break off, break off, my heart, here are new comers,
 Perpetual youth and age perpetual;
 One with the bashful bloom of early summers,
 The other gnaw'd on like the years that fall.
 Who is this dreamer with his dreams at call,
 And happy morning face, and wholesome breath?
 Who this lean vagrant, choking down his gall
 As he should grudge to void it upon *Death*?

*Of new
 Shades.*

GIOTTO.

The hills that call each other thro' the night,
 The stars that sing of silence, the trees of light,
 I knew! I knew! "Thy brethren they," He saith.
 There came a sister soon, meek Sister *Death*.

*The first
 Giotto, figured
 as a young
 man carrying
 a shock of
 spring boughs.*

CORSO.

I had the fire-streak'd blood no pomp could hold
 Of Gothic blazon or *Cerchi's* dirty gold.
 A ban-dog hounding sheep, I fought and bled
 That, living, *Florence* fear'd me: I hush her, dead.

*The other is
 Corso Donati,
 like an old
 man with
 blood upon
 his hair.*

CHORUS.

One doth make what one doth mar;
 One brings peace, another war.

See what *Florence*' children are —
One bit her, one did kiss the scar.

A company of four Shades comes next.

■

Farinata in FARINATA.
his armour,
with a naked The fire that rages in me outburns *Hell*;
sword; I am the pride of *Florence* !

Buondelmonte BUONDELMONTE.
in a white I rang a knell
silken doublet; That day they drain'd me whiter than my vest:
After 'twas *Florence* bled.

Guido Caval- GUIDO.
cante with My way was best.
a lute, and a From lip to lip I past, from grove to grove:
peacock's I am like *Florence*; they call me Light o' Love.
feather stuck
in his cap;
PICCARDA.

Last Piccarda Reared in a goshawk's nest, I flew to peace;
Donati with Plighted to sin, I wedded the white *Christ*:
the Minoress' His arm upheld me when they marr'd our ease,
cord and For I was stricken whiter than the mist.
sandals.

In a sudden ray of light a single Shade comes to
close the tale.

FRA BEATO.

The mystic flame-enwrap *Jerusalem*
Was set before me like a clouded gem.
I trod the ways of *Florence*: steep the tread,
But leading swiftly to the blessed dead.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt be called the Son of Peace
And Star of *Bethlehem*:
In thee the ardent striver
Found placid requiem;
In thee, the still contriver,
In thee, the honest liver,
Dreaming thy soaring ecstasies
Within the hum of men.
Like to the soothing of doves,
Like to the plashing of rain,
So as the cloud-shadow moves
To sober the Sun's beating pain,
Thy music, thy chrism, thy prayers,
Bade *Hope* lift again:
Hope of wings fretty with fire,
Of eyes looking out to the deep

*Fra Beato
Angelico, in
black and
white habit.
He carries a
lily in one
hand. On
his shoulder
burns a star.*

Of lovely life.

*Of quick
recompense.*

Heart of the azure, and higher —
Yearning to creep
Into the folds of the mantle of *God*,
Haply to sleep.

The light endures for a space, and then goes out as
the *Frate's* shade passes. The rain descends and veils
the scene. The end of the first part.



A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES.
PART II.

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THE SECOND PART.

Begins under a cold clear sky. Enters the *Herald*, a young boy in a short *Greekish* cloak and *Phrygian* cap. He carries a *Pan*-pipe and speaks eagerly this sonnet.

THE tale is now of *Love* and *Italy*
And *Art* their fosterling, of that new time
When first the Sun scatter'd the hoary rime
Of older fashions, and leapt eagerly
Forward and up to flood the new with glee.
Then, when the world was young and saw in rhyme
And colour move all *Nature*, the sublime
Prism and chord of *God* lay plain to see.
Then every maid held godhead, every flower
A sacrament, the fever and old dread
Of living — ecstasy! of loving — power!
So *Love* call'd from the grave the mighty dead:
And he that voiced the music of the spheres,
Plato the prophet, murmured down the years.

*Of new
promise.*

CHORUS.

The boy is a shade,
And the cup he quaffs
Is down to the lees:
Only *Death* laughs.

Of fulfilment.

First comes LIPPO.

*Lippo Lippi
alone, figured
as a young
Satyr in a
monk's frock.*

I peered for *God* and found him underneath
A girl's shy eyes. Up then came Master *Death*,
Saying, 'You monk, bow down to me instead;
'Here is no god for you.' My wench was dead.

First Gio. Pico Then come three scholars together.
of Mirandola.

He is a youth PICO.

*in soft rai-
ment, reading
in a Hebrew
book.*

Men call'd me *Paragon*; I challenged *Rome*;
Rome frown'd, I fled: on many a dusty tome
I ponder'd, yet found not the true Godhead;
But, loving much, *God* came and laid me dead.

*Then Barto-
lommeo Scala* SCALA.

*in his burgh-
er's dress, and
spectacles
pushed on to
his forehead.*

They dubb'd me inexpert, and set me slave
At lacquey work: my heart to *Greek* I gave.
Had I that fair sort that I coveted?
I strove, I strain'd to reach, I clutch'd — 'twas dead.

*Then Lion-
ardo da Vinci* LIONARDO.

*with a long
white beard.
He walks
painfully with
a crutch.*

Too curious! Art short solace gave my spirit.
Too curious! Power contented not my merit.
Too curious! Life itself me wearied.
The living tire to death: we wait, we dead.

CHORUS.

Blind, blind, blind!
As sheep in the rain.
Blind as the *Worm* that beguiled
The Mother of *Cain*.

*O foolish
Wise!*

Then comes *La Simonetta*, as a virgin of lovely
sorrowful countenance, in a white robe. Round her
loins is a black snake that carries his tail ever in his
mouth. She bears a chaplet of yew; and is attended
by seven young maids in mourning weeds.

SIMONETTA.

Once a virgin of virgins,
Crown'd as with fire, and pale,
I stoopt to my own undoing,
I lay as corn to the flail.

*Grief of
Simonetta.*

THE SEVEN.

As a lily-stalk snapt by hail
She fell to her girdle's undoing,
Nor tears could avail.

SIMONETTA.

As the hawk on his wrist he was hard,
As the quail's my blithesomeness froze;
I stood asham'd in the pasture,
My eyes were wide as the roe's.

THE SEVEN.

With her lapful of flowers she uprose :
All tenderly white was her vesture,
She blush'd like a rose.

SIMONETTA.

I was woo'd in the time of wild crocus,
I sank with a trembling of knees ;
He took me up on his pillion
And rode away thro' the trees.

THE SEVEN.

The willow must bend to the breeze !
She pined in her king's pavilion,
She longed for her peace.
Oh, the land swept black by the shower,
The lash and the rain !
She bow'd like a tired sweet flower,
She moan'd for her pain !

SIMONETTA.

Because, being fairer than the dawn, I trod
The flowery way that lures a soul from *God*,
And gaged my youth against man's hardihead ;
Therefore I wear the bleak smile of the dead.

CHORUS.

Blind, blind, blind!
As monk in his cell;
Blind as the Corn-mother's child
That played by the mouth of Hell.

Blind.

Then come the house of *Medici*. First is *Giuliano de' Medici* in hunter's green. He carries a broken shaft in his hand. Following him are seven lads (sons of princes) dressed in sables.

GIULIANO.

Once as a tiger-whelp I was athirst,
And gnaw'd the breast where kindly I was nurs'd.
But thirstier the blades that cut me red,
And sent me shaggy to the secret dead.

Retribution.

THE SEVEN PRINCES.

Swart as the heart of the South,
Proud as the rock-springing pine,
Sweet water cool'd never thy drouth,
Nor fruit of the vine!
Last of old *Cosimo's* line,
Cut off quick in thy youth,
Thy blood was outpour'd like wine;
They show'd thee no ruth,
Who in life had none for the old, nor the roses of youth.

Then Clarice CLARICE.

*Orsini; a
grey-hair'd
woman bowed
beneath a
golden yoke.*

I had small solace for my life of anguish,
Pluck'd out from *Rome* and set in *Florence* to languish:
A pride that froze my tears ere they could shed,
And children — would they were as I am, dead!

And then LORENZO.

*Lorenzo as a
king crowned
with thorns
and holding a
leaden sceptre.*

I am that *Medici*, swart, keen, and wanton,
That spent all *Florence* on the thin-lipt phantom
Of lust so dry it never could be fed:
At last, unshrived, still burning, I fell dead.

CHORUS.

Woe! Woe! the staring hearth: woe! the tired city,
Weary of bloodshed, vacant-eyed for pity!
Woe to brown *Pisa*! Havoc on *Volterra*!
Woe, all Woe upon us!

The Three grey women hold the gate,
Reproaches. With sudden firelit eyes, and hate
Cradled in each beaten breast.

Stay! Heed them; one out-hates the rest.

Three *Reproaches*, like to bent women, appear
stretching out arms towards the shade of *Lorenzo*.

THE FIRST REPROACH.

First woe was when the sword was set,
Sword and Fire to my own young brood.
Never a woe like the mother's cry
That watches in chains the ebb of her blood —
Woe to thee! *Pisa* was I.

Pisa.

THE SECOND REPROACH.

Next woe was the shaming of maids,
Stript to the smock and sold to sin.
Never such woe as to lay the lure,
Smirch and soil what once was clean —
Woe! who shall ravish the poor.

*The maids'
dowry.*

THE THIRD REPROACH.

Third woe was the land in chains,
Golden seeming and brave in silk.
Where is woe as for brother and brother
Bruise the bosom that gave them milk —
Woe! who traffick'd his mother.

Tyranny.

. Ere the *Chorus* can curse him, *Poliziano* comes
behind him with a muffled rote, and weeping.

POLIZIANO.

Grant me, gods, a fount of tears,
So that night and day
Weeping I may drown old grief,

Elegy.

Mourning quench the years.
So the widow'd turtle may
Give her heart relief;
So the fainting snowy swan,
So the nightingale,
All their sorrows, utter lonely passion, do bewail.

Woe for us, and woe, and woe!
Grief is bow'd and grey;
Jove hath carv'd our goodly *Tree*
With his thunderblow!

Woe the *Muses'* broken lay,
Woe the melody!
Woe, *Apollo*, woe God *Pan*,
Woe, ye Sisters Nine,
Woe, green-kirtled *Dryads*, woe, my *Bacchus*, to thy vine!
Mourning let me quench the years,
And my grief to drown,
Grant me, gods, a waterflood,
Grant a fount of tears.

CHORUS.

To Lorenzo. One there was
Who, loving much, did weep for thee. So pass:
Death may not smite
The lamp to shiver quite
That little flame within that was a Poet's light.

COSIMO.

Laboured I well, that bound the state to mine
In gyves that chafed, but held throughout the line?
They crown'd me with a name our foes might dread,
But curs'd me for my sons when I was dead.

*Next comes
Cosimo, Pater
Patriæ, an old
man richly
habited, hav-
ing the ears
of Midas.*

CHORUS.

Blind, blind, blind!
As a bird in the snow.
Blind as the king that did cherish
The son that wrought him a woe.

*The little
Great.*

SAVONAROLA.

God set in me a heart to burn like pain,
And *Florence* fed the fire. In vain, in vain,
I augur'd life; the fire was heap'd; I led
The way for *Florence*: *Florence* mock'd me dead.

*Savonarola,
carrying a
smouldering
torch.*

FRA FRANCESCO.

For *Francis'* sake I spurn'd him of *Saint Mark*:
Is that soul sure that dareth him embark
On death's dull sea that death may serve hatred?
I know not what they won, nor care, being dead.

*Following is
his enemy,
Fra Francesco
the Minorite,
carrying a dis-
torting glass.*

*Next the
Frate's cham-
pion, Fra
Domenico,
cowled in
white, with
an anchor.*

FRA DOMENICO.

I trusted in the prophet sent from *God*;
Side to his side the way to death I trod.
The flame leapt heavenward — O true he said!
Our spirits soar'd; we left but ashes dead.

SANDRO.

*Sandro Botti-
celli, holding a
hollow sphere.*

Latest of all, and loneliest, I endured
In heaviness of days with light obscured:
Green earth grown grey, sun cold, the comely head
Of my life's flower snapt short — Art with her, dead!

The *Chorus* breaks in upon him with this lament,
what time the rain descends and the wind blows shrill.

The dirge

What shall it profit, O Man,
That the pitiful soil of thy years,
Sterile, acheth a span
Of waste furrow'd by tears?
Waste sown with tears,
Flowering pale for a span,
Wither'd anon like the years;
What profit, O Man?

Of Loss,

Twenty thou groanest to learn,
Twenty thou thinkest to fly,
Twenty drag, and thy turn
Cometh to die.

What profit, O Man,
What the harvest of years,
Strown like corn to the fan,
Cut as with sickle the ears?

Corn that is sown with tears,
Winnow'd as chaff by the fan;
Gone the harvest of years:—
Death is profit, O Man!

And Profit.

When the Sun gleams again, you see *Luca della Robbia*, clothed in apple-green, with a bunch of yellow and blue flowers in his hand.

LUCA.

Mine was a glad small spirit unafraid;
I breathed it out, the stone walls flower'd, and made
Florence a garden. So without a dread
I laid my tools aside and blossom'd, dead.

CHORUS.

Thou shalt be called the Son of *Man*
And Spirit of the *Earth*,
That met young *Love* and kiss'd her
And wreath'd her lips with mirth;
April with eyes aglister,
Green *May* her buxom sister,
Shy loves and tender fruitage
Were children of thy birth.

*Praise of
Luca.*

*Wherein, per- With eyes seeking the Sun,
haps, the dirge And heart loving the Day,
is answer'd. Knowing no evil to shun,
Guileless, walking the way,
Breathing the secret of children and flowers
Into thy clay!
Man with the faith of a child,
Child with a strength superhuman;
Lover, that told of the *Virgin* most mild,
Wedded to no man:
Holy art thou, that could call her arise
God, but a woman!*

MACCHIAVEL.

Niccolò
Macchiavelli, That kings might feast I sweated *God* away;
bearing a To insolent stripling feet I bow'd my grey
skull wreath'd Wise brows. A smirk, a shrug, a wagging head —
with flowers. I used this way: they use it on me dead.

BENVENUTO.

Benvenuto The glory of their princedom, and their power
Cellini, Who go in purple, I knew my little hour.
blindfold. What time my brain-trap gript them all, I led
Whither I would. What profiteth me dead?

PULCI.

Let who wins laugh: I laugh'd at Heaven and Earth.
Dante saw *Grief* and lov'd her; I chose *Mirth*.
Mirth and I laugh'd till we were out of breath,
And left one laughing still — the jester, *Death*.

Luigi Pulci,
gnawing
a stone.

CHORUS.

A boy singing
His love and pain;
The watch-bell ringing,
Blood shed like rain!
A dreamy maid,
And a voice like a cry —
“Betrayed, betrayed!
How shall we die?”
Sigh, wind, sigh.

The burden
of Florence.

The squire at hawking,
The grass in flower;
Shame stalking
In the lady's bower.
“Love like a drought
Doth scorch and dry:
My heart is out,
Now let me die!”
Sigh, wind, sigh.

All the burning
Of all the *South*,
Turn'd to mourning
Thy singing mouth.
The fire kindled,
Soar'd to the sky ;
The song dwindled,
The lute lay by.
Sigh, wind, sigh.

"How shall I sing
With my lady cold ?
She died in the Spring ;
I am grown old."
This is the load
Of the singer's cry —
"If *God* is *God*
He will let me die!"
Sigh, wind, sigh.

Then the *Chorus* invokes the last Shade.

CHORUS.

Finis coronat! Now, last and greatest of these,
Buonarroti the Seer,
Wielder of dark mysteries,
Graver that knew no peer!
Poet, thinker in stone,

Painter, Maker of men,
Naked, silent, alone,
Gods walking again!
Thee, last, who art first,
Thee, King, we invoke;
Tell of *Florence* accurs'd,
Her dolorous stroke.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

The gaunt long life of unfulfill'd desire,
The hireling's ashes on the poet's fire!
I prayed in stone. Their scorn was on their head:
In me they slew the last of their great dead.

CHORUS.

Blind, blind, blind!
As the owl in the day:
Florence was, and is not;
She passeth away!

Michael

*Angelo comes
crown'd; his
robe full of
weeping eyes.*

Florence was.



EXTRACT FROM SYMONDS' *RE-
NAISSANCE IN ITALY*,¹

IN the last year of Pier Soderini's Gonfalonierato (1512) it seemed as though the Italians had been quickened to a consciousness of their impending ruin. The siege of Brescia, the battle of Ravenna, the League of Cambray, the massacres of Prato, the sack of Rome, the fall of Florence, were all imminent. A fascination of intolerable fear thrilled the people in the midst of their heedlessness, and this fear found voice and form in a strange Carnival pageant described by Vasari:² 'The triumphal car was covered with black cloth, and was of vast size; it had skeletons and white crosses painted upon its surface, and was drawn by buffaloes, all of which were totally black: within the car stood the colossal figure of Death, bearing the scythe in his hand; while around him

¹ The following passages from Symonds are to be found in Part I, pp. 343-348 of his section devoted to Italian literature (*Renaissance*, vol. iv), and are given for the light they throw upon what actually took place in Florence when the night was about to close in upon her and the other great cities of Italy.

² Life of Piero di Cosimo.

were covered tombs, which opened at all the places where the procession halted, while those who formed it, chanted lugubrious songs, when certain figures stole forth, clothed in black cloth, on whose vestments the bones of a skeleton were depicted in white; the arms, breast, ribs, and legs, namely, all which gleamed horribly forth on the black beneath. At a certain distance appeared figures bearing torches, and wearing masks presenting the face of a death's head both before and behind; these heads of death as well as the skeleton necks beneath them, also exhibited to view, were not only painted with the utmost fidelity to nature, but had besides a frightful expression which was horrible to behold. At the sound of a wailing summons, sent forth with a hollow moan from trumpets of muffled yet inexorable clangour, the figures of the dead raised themselves half out of their tombs, and seating their skeleton forms thereon, they sang the following words, now so much extolled and admired, to music of the most plaintive and melancholy character. Before and after the car rode a train of the dead on horses, carefully selected from the most

wretched and meagre animals that could be found: the caparisons of those worn, half-dying beasts were black, covered with white crosses; each was conducted by four attendants, clothed in the vestments of the grave; these last-mentioned figures, bearing black torches and a large black standard, covered with crosses, bones, and death's heads. While this train proceeded on its way, each sang, with a trembling voice, and all in dismal unison, that psalm of David called the Miserere. The novelty and the terrible character of this singular spectacle, filled the whole city, as I have before said, with a mingled sensation of terror and admiration; and although at the first sight it did not seem well calculated for a Carnival show, yet being new, and within the reach of every man's comprehension, it obtained the highest encomium for Piero as the author and contriver of the whole, and was the cause as well as commencement of numerous representations, so ingenious and effective that by these things Florence acquired a reputation for the conduct of such subjects and the arrangement of similar spectacles such as was never equalled by any other city.'

[This Carnival song composed by Antonio Alamanni which Symonds translates in full, has already been given by us in our "*Songs of Dead Florentines*." See *The Bibelot*, vol. ii, pp. 109-111.]

The pageant was, indeed, an acted allegory of the death of Italy, the repentance after judgment of a nation fallen in its sins. Yet a few months passed, and the same streets echoed with the music of yet another show, which has also been described by Vasari.¹ If the Car of Death expressed the uneasy dread that fell on the Italians at the opening of the century, the shows of 1513 allegorised their mad confidence in the fortune of the age, which was still more deeply felt and widely shared. Giovanni de' Medici had just been elevated to the Papal Chair, and was paying a holiday visit to his native city. Giuliano de' Medici, his brother, the Duke of Nemours, was also resident in Florence, where he had formed a club of noble youths called the Diamond. Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the titular chief of the house, presided over a rival Company named Il Broncone —

¹ Life of Pontormo.

with a withered laurel-branch, whence leaves were sprouting, for its emblem. The Diamond signified the constancy of Casa Medici; the withered branch their power of self-recovery. These two men, Giuliano and Lorenzo, are the same who now confront each other upon their pedestals in Michelangelo's Sacristy of S. Lorenzo. Both were doomed to an untimely death; but in the year 1513, when Leo's election shed new lustre on their house, they were still in the heyday of prosperity and hope. Giuliano resolved that the Diamond should make a goodly show. Therefore he entrusted the invention and the poems to Andrea Dazzi, who then held Poliziano's chair of Greek and Latin literature. Dazzi devised three Cars after the fashion of a Roman triumph. For the construction of each chariot an excellent architect was chosen; for their decoration the painter Pontormo was appointed. In the first rode beautiful boys; in the second, powerful men; in the third, reverend grandsires. Lorenzo, in competition with his uncle, determined that the Laurel branch should outrival the Diamond. He applied to Jacopo Nardi, the historian of Florence and translator of Livy.

Nardi composed a procession of seven chariots to symbolise the Golden Age, and wrote appropriate poems for each, which are still extant. In the first car rode Saturn and Janus, attended by six shepherds of goodly form, naked, on horses without harness. In the second sat Numa Pompilius, surrounded by priests in antique raiment. The third carried Titus Manlius, whose consulship beheld the close of the first Punic war. In the fifth Augustus sat enthroned, accompanied by twelve laurelled poets. The horses that drew him, were winged. The sixth carried Trajan, the just emperor, with doctors of the law on either side. All these chariots were adorned with emblems painted by Pontormo. The seventh car held a globe to represent the world. Upon it lay a dead man in a suit of rusty iron armour, from the cloven plates of which emerged a living child, naked and gilt with glistening leaf of gold. This signified the passing of the Iron, and the opening of the Golden Age—the succession of the Renaissance to feudalism—the fortunes of Italy reviving after her disasters in the sunlight of the smiles of Leo. ‘Magnus sæclorum nascitur ordo!’ ‘The world’s great

RENAISSANCE IN ITALY

age begins anew; the golden years return!’ Thus the artists, scholars, and poets of Florence symbolised in a Carnival show the advent of the Renaissance. The boy who represented the Golden Age, died of the sufferings he endured beneath his gilding; and his father, who was a baker, received ten scudi of indemnity. A fanciful historian might read in this little incident the irony of fate, warning the Italians that the age they welcomed would perish for them in its bloom. In the year 1513 Luther was already thirty years of age, and Charles V., in the Low Countries was a boy of thirteen, accumulating knowledge under the direction of the future Adrian VI. Whatever destiny of gold the Renaissance might through Italy be offering to Europe, it was on the point of pouring blood and fastening heavier chains on every city of the sacred land.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

To-day the name of Hewlett stands alone, as we believe, for that rarest and most enduring quality in the art of Fiction—genuine historic imagination. Compared with such work the commercial success of a horde of would-be romanticists is seen to be the merest shot-rubbish: literary shoddyism whereof one may summarily affirm, “a breath unmakes it as a breath has made.”

A LIST OF MR. HEWLETT'S BOOKS.

I.

EARTHWORK OUT OF TUSCANY: BEING IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS BY MAURICE HEWLETT. LONDON, 1895.

Fcap 8vo. Green buckram, g. t. Pp. xii+180. With a frontispiece photogravure of a head by Botticelli.

This edition was limited to 500 copies for sale in England.

2. THE SAME. Second Edition Revised. With Illustrations by James Kerr-Lawson. Crown 8vo. London, 1899. Pp. xx+182.

3. THE SAME. Third Edition Revised. Without illustrations. Cloth. Globe 8vo. London, 1901. Issued in Macmillan's Eversley Series.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

What *The Athenæum* (June 15, 1895), really said about this little book which within six years has had the distinction of being included in "The Eversley Series," and will doubtless pass through many reissues in that attractive *format*, was as follows :

"*Earthwork out of Tuscany*, by Maurice Hewlett (Dent & Co.), will not, we fear, appeal to many readers. Mr. Hewlett writes mainly of Florence, a city that has been 'more written about' than any out of Italy, probably excepting Cairo. His impressions and translations are not interesting, and his style is frequently affected and disagreeable. The best that can be said of the book is that it shows a very proper sympathy with much that is good in art ; but this will not make the book a good one. In one place the author modestly speaks of his writing as watered wine, and we must confess his modesty is not unbecoming."

2.

A MASQUE OF DEAD FLORENTINES, WHEREIN SOME OF DEATH'S CHOICEST PIECES, AND THE GREAT GAME THAT HE PLAYS THEREWITH, ARE FRUITFULLY SET FORTH BY MAURICE HEWLETT. . . PICTURED BY J. D. BATTEN. LONDON, 1895.

Oblong 8vo. Grey cloth. Pp. viii+52.

Throughout this book the side-notes are printed in red ink.

3.

SONGS AND MEDITATIONS. WESTMINSTER [LONDON], 1896.

Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. xii+136.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

4.

THE FOREST LOVERS: A ROMANCE. LONDON, 1898.

Crown 8vo. Ornamented cloth. Pp. viii+384.

5.

PAN AND THE YOUNG SHEPHERD. A PASTORAL
IN TWO ACTS. LONDON, 1898.

Crown 8vo. Pp. x+140.

6.

LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY. LONDON, 1899.

Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. x+336.

Contains five stories: 1, Madonna of the Peach-tree. 2, Ippolita in the Hills. 3, The Duchess of Nona. 4, Messer Cino and the Live Coal. 5, The Judgment of Borso.

7.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD YEA-AND-
NAY. LONDON, 1900.

Crown 8vo. Cloth.

8.

NEW CANTERBURY TALES. WESTMINSTER, [LON-
DON], 1901.

Crown 8vo. Decorated cloth. Pp. 320.

A somewhat banal bit of bookmaking, the last three pages being included in pagination of text while given up to the Messrs. Constable's new book announcements; in turn followed by sixteen additional pages of publishers' advertising matter.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

9.

THE QUEEN'S QUAIR; OR, THE SIX YEARS' TRAGEDY.

This romance dealing with the life and times of Mary Stuart is now appearing as a serial in *The Pall Mall Magazine*.

10.

THE TUSCAN CROWN, (THE CITY OF FLORENCE).

Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. 2 vols.

A work that has been for some time announced by The Macmillan Co., but is not yet published.



The Bibelot

IF one were asked to name two volumes of verse absolutely satisfying the demands of a lover of exquisitely modulated minor chord poetry, as well as the just expectations of the amateur of perfect book-making, he would find them united in Lionel Johnson's *Poems* (1895), and his second and final collection entitled *Ireland and other Poems* (1897).¹

Passionately attached to the land of his birth Johnson nevertheless stands apart from the recognized leaders in the Celtic

¹ Small editions of both books were imported and offered for sale by the late firm of Copeland & Day, as issued by the London publisher, Mr. Elkin Mathews, in their original blue paper boards. Printed at the Chiswick Press they will some day come to their own as will also that fine critical study — *The Art of Thomas Hardy* (1894). From this work we quote the following brief passage: "It amply contents me to dream, that some gentle scholar of an hundred years hence, turning over the worn volumes upon the bookstalls yet unmade, may give his pence for my book, may read it at his leisure, and may feel kindly toward me":—words of a personal poignancy very like what we conceive this "gentle scholar" himself to have felt while still among us — now dead before his prime.

revival. It is even doubtful if the practical trend of the new movement in art and letters measurably interested this lover of inviolate purity and peace. To us he seems a dweller in some far country of white nights—a kingdom of the spirit wherein he lived and moved and had his being until the call came to fare forth upon the lonely way. It was, we are assured, always the inner vision that led him: ever the flutes of the God that he heard and obeyed.

Prefixed to our selections is a brief article contributed by Mrs. Katherine Tynan-Hinkson to the Pall Mall Gazette three days after his death,—a tenderly beautiful tribute. He died in London, October 4th, 1902, his last days clouded by alcoholic excess, recalling the sinister end of James Thomson and, still nearer in time and matter of friendship, the dying of Ernest Dowson. The week following his decease his latest poem appeared in The Academy, and a sympathetic but anonymous writer at the same time well and fairly summed up his literary position: "He was a scholar by instinct, a poet by longing, and a critic by profession. . . . Stately, austere, mystical by turns, three themes moved him to enthusiasm: his old school, Winchester, Oxford, and Ireland. Mysti-

cism, whether Catholic or Pagan, always touched his muse to a deeper note."

Within our narrow space it would be impossible to fully appraise or set forth Lionel Johnson's poetry: we are thus compelled to confine our citations to his earlier volume, including as a final specimen the lines on Walter Pater, the last he ever wrote.

And however critics speak concerning his limitations — and they were self-imposed, not thrust upon him by any alien influence, — there is a clarity of thought, a purity of diction, a lasting loveliness in almost everything he saw fit to print. As an inevitable result such delicate craftsmanship only makes its appeal to the remnant; and, for that matter, this is true of all high and splendid verse that "enduring stays to us."



FOR APRIL :

SEA-MAGIC AND RUNNING WATER

By

FIONA MACLEOD.

THE PRECEPT OF SILENCE.

*I know you : solitary griefs,
Desolate passions, aching hours !
I know you : tremulous beliefs,
Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers !*

*The winds are sometimes sad to me ;
The starry spaces, full of fear :
Mine is the sorrow on the sea,
And mine the sigh of places drear.*

*Some players upon plaintive strings
Publish their wistfulness abroad :
I have not spoken of these things,
Save to one man, and unto God.*

1893.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

ONE felt for him something of the tenderness with which Charles Lamb was regarded by his friends. Perhaps in part because he was so little and so frail, but more because he was to the last Saint Lionel, with the qualities that made us think of him by that name. He was overweighted with the things of the spirit and the intellect, childish little, with the face of a child-saint who has also been a martyr and learned immortal things, a gliding step that hardly touched earth, a shadowy gentle presence that was of us, yet not of us. Once, in his beloved Ireland, a motherly nun, taking him for fifteen, rebuked him for keeping the hours of grown men. "But I am twenty-seven," he remonstrated. "I don't care what age you are," she answered, this true daughter of Erin; "but whatever age you are, you do not look it." She was wrong, however. His austere, delicate little face with the magnificent brows was too immortally wise to belong to the very young on this earth. I have known one other person who appealed to one's feminine tenderness as did Lionel Johnson. That was Father

Gerard Hopkins, also a poet, a mystic, a scholar. I always think of them in company, and not only because each had the stature of a child and the brows of wisdom.

Lionel Johnson promised to do great things as a critic. We used to say of him that he would raise criticism in England to the level which Sainte-Beuve raised it to in France. He was finely equipped as a critic. He had done exquisite things himself, and he brought to the task of judging the work of others a sympathy, a generosity, a capacity for admiration which it took all his critical faculty to counterbalance. His criticisms were literature. Very often he wrote superbly well, and his criticisms were packed so full with knowledge, appreciation, refinement, and taste that it was an education to read them. In all his years of writing, one is certain that he never constructed a slovenly sentence, nor thought a slovenly thought. His critical style was the grand one. One could read his sentences for their majesty conceivably without being interested in the things of which he wrote.

His poetry was like himself, delicate, austere, spiritual — yes, *snow-white*: that is

LIONEL JOHNSON

the word that comes to me, and will not be rejected. It is magnificent, too, in passages, like the great pealing of an organ, in some fane of the old faith to which he turned with such passionate attachment.

But, after all, it is not his work one thinks of this grey day of October when the newspapers tell us he is dead. It is himself, with that something *snow-white* like his poetry, which the world and the years had no power to smirch. He was always the finest of gentlemen, always delicate and courteous in his manner to women as he was lofty in his thoughts of them, always faithful and generous to his friends. During a friendship of many years he was never known to speak unkindly of any one. Indeed, it was the complaint of duller and colder people that his reports were so much too generous. He had no scorn of others less gifted, as intellectual people are apt to have; but rather in his thoughts raised them to his own level, if he did not set them beyond it.

He had the monastic temperament, and he ought to have been a recluse in a mediæval monastery, dedicating his gifts to the honour and glory of God. He was born out of his

due time and place. In the Oxford of the pre-Reformation days he would have been ideally at home. In the London of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries he had no place at all by right. He was passionately Catholic and passionately Irish, with a patriotism not of time or place, but rather of all time. Mary and Ireland; one felt that his thoughts of women, his manner to women, embraced his devotion to those Mothers of Sorrows. And at the last one thinks of him dead in two lines from a poem of his own:—

He hath a glory from that Sun
Who falls not from Olympus hill.

K. H.

PLATO IN LONDON.

To Campbell Dodgson.

THE pure flame of one taper fall
Over the old and comely page :
No harsher light disturb at all
This converse with a treasured sage.
Seemly, and fair, and of the best,
If Plato be our guest,
Should things befall.

Without, a world of noise and cold :
Here, the soft burning of the fire.
And Plato walks, where heavens unfold,
About the home of his desire.
From his own city of high things,
He shows to us, and brings,
Truth of fine gold.

The hours pass; and the fire burns low;
The clear flame dwindles into death :
Shut then the book with care; and so,
Take leave of Plato, with hushed breath :
A little, by the falling gleams,
Tarry the gracious dreams :
And they too go

Lean from the window to the air :
Hear London's voice upon the night !
Thou hast bold converse with things rare :
Look now upon another sight !
The calm stars, in their living skies :
 And then, these surging cries,
 This restless glare !

That starry music, starry fire,
High above all our noise and glare :
The image of our long desire,
The beauty, and the strength, are there.
And Plato's thought lives, true and clear,
 In as august a sphere :
 Perchance, far higher.

1889.

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES
AT CHARING CROSS.

To William Watson.

S OMBRE and rich, the skies ;
Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs ;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me : and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall :
Only the night wind glides :
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court : and yet,
The stars his courtiers are :
Stars in their stations set ;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king :
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows; or the dark skies?

Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy:
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death
By beauty made amends:
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless? Nay:
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence? Yea:
And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom:
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,
Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints;
And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace:
And through the night I go,
Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps;
When all the cries are still:
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will.

1889.

MYSTIC AND CAVALIER.

To Herbert Percy Horne.

Go from me: I am one of those, who fall.
What! hath no cold wind swept your heart at all,
In my sad company? Before the end,
Go from me, dear my friend!

Yours are the victories of light: your feet
Rest from good toil, where rest is brave and sweet.
But after warfare in a mourning gloom,
I rest in clouds of doom.

Have you not read so, looking in these eyes?
Is it the common light of the pure skies,
Lights up their shadowy depths? The end is set:
Though the end be not yet.

When gracious music stirs, and all is bright,
And beauty triumphs through a courtly night;
When I too joy, a man like other men:
Yet, am I like them, then?

And in the battle, when the horsemen sweep
Against a thousand deaths, and fall on sleep:
Who ever sought that sudden calm, if I
Sought not? Yet, could not die.

Seek with thine eyes to pierce this crystal sphere :
Canst read a fate there, prosperous and clear ?
Only the mists, only the weeping clouds :
 Dimness, and airy shrouds.

Beneath, what angels are at work ? What powers
Prepare the secret of the fatal hours ?
See ! the mists tremble, and the clouds are stirred :
 When comes the calling word ?

The clouds are breaking from the crystal ball,
Breaking and clearing : and I look to fall.
When the cold winds and airs of portent sweep,
 My spirit may have sleep.

O rich and sounding voices of the air !
Interpreters and prophets of despair :
Priests of a fearful sacrament ! I come,
 To make with you mine home.

1889.

“TO WEEP IRISH.”

To the Rev. Dr. William Barry.

LONG Irish melancholy of lament !
Voice of the sorrow, that is on the sea :
Voice of that ancient mourning music sent
From Rama childless : the world wails in thee.

The sadness of all beauty at the heart,
The appealing of all souls unto the skies,
The longing locked in each man's breast apart,
Weep in the melody of thine old cries.

Mother of tears ! sweet Mother of sad sighs !
All mourners of the world weep Irish, weep
Ever with thee : while burdened time still runs,
Sorrows reach God through thee, and ask for sleep.

And though thine own unsleeping sorrow yet
Live to the end of burdened time, in pain :
Still sing the song of sorrow ! and forget
The sorrow, in the solace, of the strain.

1893.

HAWTHORNE.

To Walter Alison Phillips.

TEN years ago I heard ; ten, have I loved ;
Thine haunting voice borne over the waste sea.
Was it thy melancholy spirit moved
Mine, with those gray dreams, that invested thee ?
Or was it, that thy beauty first reproved
The imperfect fancies, that looked fair to me ?

Thou hast both secrets : for to thee are known
The fatal sorrows binding life and death :
And thou hast found, on wings of passage blown,
That music, which is sorrow's perfect breath :
So, all thy beauty takes a solemn tone,
And art, is all thy melancholy saith.

Now therefore is thy voice abroad for me,
When through dark woodlands murmuring sounds make way :
Thy voice, and voices of the sounding sea,
Stir in the branches, as none other may :
All pensive loneliness is full of thee,
And each mysterious, each autumnal day.

Hesperian soul ! Well hadst thou in the West
Thine hermitage and meditative place :

In mild, retiring fields thou wast at rest,
Calmed by old winds, touched with aërial grace :
Fields, whence old magic simples filled thy breast,
And unforgotten fragrance balmed thy face.

1889.

GLORIES.

To Theodore Peters.

ROSES from Paestan rosaries !
More goodly red and white was she :
Her red and white were harmonies,
Not matched upon a Paestan tree.

Ivories blanched in Alban air !
She lies more purely blanched than you :
No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
But death's perfection of that hue.

Nay ! now the rivalry is done,
Of red, and white, and whiter still :
She hath a glory from that sun,
Who falls not from Olympus hill.

1893.

PARNELL.

To John McGrath.

THE wail of Irish winds,
The cry of Irish seas:
Eternal sorrow finds
Eternal voice in these.

I cannot praise our dead,
Whom Ireland weeps so well:
Her morning light, that fled;
Her morning star, that fell.

She of the mournful eyes
Waits, and no dark clouds break:
Waits, and her strong son lies
Dead, for her holy sake.

Her heart is sorrow's home,
And hath been from of old:
An host of griefs hath come,
To make that heart their fold.

Ah, the sad autumn day,
When the last sad troop came
Swift down the ancient way,
Keening a chieftain's name!

Gray hope was there, and dread;
Anger, and love in tears:
They mourned the dear and dead,
Dirge of the ruined years.

Home to her heart she drew
The mourning company:
Old sorrows met the new,
In sad fraternity.

A mother, and forget?
Nay! all her children's fate
Ireland remembers yet,
With love insatiate.

She hears the heavy bells:
Hears, and with passionate breath
Eternally she tells
A rosary of death.

Faithful and true is she,
The mother of us all:
Faithful and true! may we
Fail her not, though we fall.

Her son, our brother, lies
Dead, for her holy sake:
But from the dead arise
Voices, that bid us wake.

Not his, to hail the dawn:
His but the herald's part.
Be ours to see withdrawn
Night from our mother's heart.

1893.

THE DARK ANGEL.

DARK Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence:
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtle violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,
Abides for me undesecrate:
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire:
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn
To Furies, O mine Enemy!
And all the things of beauty burn
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams
Becomes a gathering place of fears:
Until tormented slumber seems
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,
Or ripples down the dancing sea :
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,
Beleaguerest, bewilderest, me.

Within the breath of autumn woods;
Within the winter silences :
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,
O Master of impieties !

The ardour of red flame is thine,
And thine the steely soul of ice :
Thou poisonest the fair design
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright ;
Waters of bitterness, how sweet !
O banquet of a foul delight,
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete !

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh :
Thou art the adorer of my tomb,
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name !
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith :
Tempter ! should I escape thy flame,
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death :

The second Death, that never dies,
That cannot die, when time is dead:
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,
Eternally un comforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!
Of two defeats, of two despairs:
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;
Divine, to the Divinity.

1893.

LUCRETIUS.

To William Nash.

I.

VISIONS, to sear with flame his worn and haunted eyes,
Throng him : and fears unknown invest the black
night hours.

His royal reason fights with undefeated Powers,
Armies of mad desires, legions of wanton lies ;
His ears are full of pain, because of their fierce cries :
Nor from his tended thoughts, for all their fruits and
flowers,
Comes solace : for Philosophy within her bowers
Falls faint, and sick to death. Therefore Lucretius dies.

Dead ! And his deathless death hath him, so still and
stark !

No change upon the deep, no change upon the earth,
None in the wastes of nature, the starred wilderness.
Wandering flames and thunders of the shaken dark :
Among the mountain heights, winds wild with stormy
mirth :

These were before, and these will be : no more, no less.

1890.

II.

LUCRETIUS! King of men, that are
 No more, they think, than men :
 Who, past the flaming walls afar,
 Find nought within their ken :

The cruel draught, that wildered thee,
 And drove thee upon sleep,
 Was kinder than Philosophy,
 Who would not let thee weep.

Thou knowest now, that life and death
 Are wondrous intervals :
 The fortunes of a fitful breath,
 Within the flaming walls.

Without them, an eternal plan,
 Which life and death obey :
 Divinity, that fashions man,
 Its high, immortal way.

Or was he right, thy past compare,
 Thy one true voice of Greece ?
 Then, whirled about the unconscious air,
 Thou hast a vehement peace.

No calms of light, no purple lands,
 No sanctuaries sublime :
 Like storms of snow, like quaking sands,
 Thine atoms drift through time.

1889.

III.

MIGHTIEST-MINDED of the Roman race,
 Lucretius !
In thy predestined, purgatory place,
Where thou and thine Iphigenia wait :
What think'st thou of the Vision and the Fate,
Wherewith the Christ makes all thine outcries vain ?
Art learning Christ through sweet and bitter pain,
 Lucretius ?

Heaviest-hearted of the sons of men,
 Lucretius !
Well couldst thou justify severe thoughts then,
Considering thy lamentable Rome :
But thou wilt come to an imperial home,
With walls of jasper, past the walls of fire :
To God's proud City, and thine heart's desire,
 Lucretius !

1887.

MOEL FAMMAU.

To Arthur Clutton-Brock.

I N purple heather is my sleep
On Moel Fammau: far below,
The springing rivulets leap,
The firs wave to and fro.

This morn, the sun on Bala Lake
Broke out behind me: morrow morn
Near Rhual I shall wake,
Before the sun is born;

High burning over Clywyd Vale,
And reddening the mountain dew:
While the moon lingers frail,
High up in skies of blue.

Lovely and loved, O passionate land!
Dear Celtic land, unconquered still!
Thy mountain strength prevails:
Thy winds have all their will

They have no care for meaner things;
They have no scorn for brooding dreams:
A spirit in them sings,
A light about them beams.

1887.

SORTES VIRGILIANAE.

To John Barlas.

LORD of the Golden Branch, Virgil ! and Cæsar's friend :
Leader of pilgrim Dante ! Yes : *things have their tears* :
So sighed thy song, when down sad winds pierced to
 thine ears
Wandering and immemorial sorrows without end.
And things of death touch hearts, that die : Yes : but
 joys blend,
And glories, with our little life of human fears :
Rome reigns, and Cæsar triumphs ! Ah, the Golden
 Years,
The Golden Years return : this also the Gods send.

O men, who have endured an heavier burden yet !
Hear you not happy airs, and voices augural ?
For you, in these last days by sure foreknowledge set,
Looms no Italian shore, bright and imperial ?
Wounded and worn ! What Virgil sang, doth God forget ?
Virgil, the melancholy, the majestic.

1891.

DESIDERIA.

To Mrs. Hinkson.

THE angels of the sunlight clothe
In England the corn's golden ears,
Round me: yet would that I to-day
Saw sunlight on the Hill of Howth,
And sunlight on the Golden Spears,
And sunlight upon Dublin Bay.

In hunger of the heart I loathe
These happy fields: I turn with tears
Of love and longing, far away:
To where the heathered Hill of Howth
Stands guardian, with the Golden Spears,
Above the blue of Dublin Bay.

1894.

THE CLASSICS.

To Ion Thynne.

F^AIN to know golden things, fain to grow wise,
Fain to achieve the secret of fair souls :
His thought, scarce other lore need solemnize,
Whom Virgil calms, whom Sophocles controls :

Whose conscience Æschylus, a warrior voice,
Enchaunted hath with majesties of doom :
Whose melancholy mood can best rejoice,
When Horace sings, and roses bower the tomb :

Who, following Cæsar unto death, discerns
What bitter cause was Rome's, to mourn that day :
With austere Tacitus for master, learns
The look of empire in its proud decay :

Whom dread Lucretius of the mighty line
Hath awed, but not borne down : who loves the flame,
That leaped within Catullus the divine,
His glory, and his beauty, and his shame :

Who dreams with Plato and, transcending dreams,
Mounts to the perfect City of true God :
Who hails its marvellous and haunting gleams,
Treading the steady air, as Plato trod :

Who with Thucydides pursues the way,
Feeling the heart-beats of the ages gone :
Till fall the clouds upon the Attic day,
And Syracuse draws tears for Marathon :

To whom these golden things best give delight :
The music of most sad Simonides ;
Propertius' ardent graces ; and the might
Of Pindar chaunting by the olive trees :

Livy, and Roman consuls purple swathed :
Plutarch, and heroes of the ancient earth :
And Aristophanes, whose laughter scathed
The souls of fools, and pealed in lyric mirth :

Æolian rose-leaves blown from Sappho's isle ;
Secular glories of Lycean thought :
Sallies of Lucian, bidding wisdom smile ;
Angers of Juvenal, divinely wrought :

Pleasant, and elegant, and garrulous,
Pliny : crowned Marcus, wistful and still strong :
Sicilian seas and their Theocritus,
Pastoral singer of the last Greek song :

Herodotus, all simple and all wise :
Demosthenes, a lightning flame of scorn :
The surge of Cicero, that never dies :
And Homer, grand against the ancient morn.

1890.

TO A TRAVELLER.

THE mountains, and the lonely death at last
Upon the lonely mountains: O strong friend !
The wandering o'er, and the labour passed,
Thou art indeed at rest :
Earth gave thee of her best,
That labour and this end.

Earth was thy mother, and her true son thou :
Earth called thee to a knowledge of her ways,
Upon the great hills, up the great streams : now
Upon earth's kindly breast
Thou art indeed at rest :
Thou, and thine arduous days.

Fare thee well, O strong heart ! The tranquil night
Looks calmly on thee : and the sun pours down
His glory over thee, O heart of might !
Earth gives thee perfect rest :
Earth, whom thy swift feet pressed :
Earth, whom the vast stars crown.

1889.

BEYOND.

ALL was for you: and you are dead.
For, came there sorrow, came there splendour,
You still were mine, and I yours only:
Then on my breast lay down your head,
Triumphant in its dear surrender:
One were we then: though one, not lonely.

Oh, is it you are dead, or I?
Both! both dead, since we are asunder:
You, sleeping: I, for ever walking
Through the dark valley, hard and dry.
At times I hear the mourning thunder:
And voices, in the shadows, talking.

Dear, are there dreams among the dead:
Or is it all a perfect slumber?
But I must dream and dream to madness.
Mine eyes are dark, now yours are fled:
Yet see they sorrows without number,
Waiting upon one perfect sadness.

So long, the melancholy vale!
So full, these weary winds, of sorrow!
So harsh, all things! For what counts pity?
Still, as each twilight glimmers pale
Upon the borders of each morrow,
I near me to your sleeping city.

1889.

TRENTALS.

To Charles Sayle.

Now these lovers twain be dead,
And together buried:
Masses only shall be said.
Hush thee, weary melancholy!
Music comes, more rich and holy:
Through the aged church shall sound
Words, by ancient prophets found;
Burdens in an ancient tongue,
By the fasting Mass-priest sung.

Gray, without, the autumn air:
But pale candles here prepare,
Pale as wasted golden hair.
Let the quire with mourning descant
Cry: *In pace requiescant!*
For they loved the things of God.
Now, where solemn feet have trod,
Sleep they well: and wait the end,
Lover by lover, friend by friend.

1889.

BELLS.

To John Little.

FROM far away! from far away!
But whence, you will not say:
Melancholy bells, appealing chimes,
Voices of lands and times!

Your toll, O melancholy bells!
Over the valley swells:
O touching chimes! your dying sighs
Travel our tranquil skies.

But whence? And whither fade away
Your echoes from our day?
You take our hearts with gentle pain,
Tremble, and pass again.

Could we lay hold upon your haunts,
The birthplace of your chaunts:
Were we in dreamland, deathland, then?
We, sad and wondering men?

1887.

WALTER PATER.

GRACIOUS God rest him, he who toiled so well
Secrets of grace to tell
Graciously ; as the awed rejoicing priest
Officiates at the feast,
Knowing, how deep within the liturgies
Lie hid the mysteries.
Half of a passionately pensive soul
He showed us, not the whole :
Who loved him best, they best, they only, knew
The deeps, they might not view ;
That, which was private between God and him ;
To others, justly dim.
Calm Oxford autumns and preluding springs !
To me your memory brings
Delight upon delight, but chiefest one ;
The thought of Oxford's son,
Who gave me of his welcome and his praise,
When white were still my days ;
Ere death had left life darkling, nor had sent
Lament upon lament ;
Ere sorrow told me, how I loved my lost,
And bade me base love's cost.
Scholarship's constant saint, he kept her light
In him divinely white :
With cloistral jealousy of ardour strove
To guard her sacred grove,

Inviolatè by unworldly feet, nor paced
 In desecrating haste.
Oh, sweet grove smiling of that wisdom, brought
 From arduous ways of thought ;
Oh, golden patience of that travailing soul,
 So hungered for the goal,
And vowed to keep, through subtly vigilant pain,
 From pastime on the plain ;
Enamoured of the difficult mountain air
 Up beauty's Hill of Prayer !
Stern is the faith of art, right stern, and he
 Loved her severity.
Momentous things he prized, gradual and fair,
 Births of a passionate air :
Some austere setting of an ancient sun,
 Its midday glories done,
Over a silent melancholy sea
 In sad serenity :
Some delicate dawning of a new desire,
 Distilling fragrant fire
On hearts of men prophetically fain
 To feel earth young again :
Some strange rich passage of the dreaming earth,
 Fulfilled with warmth and worth.
Ended, his service : yet, albeit farewell
 Tolls the faint vesper bell,
Patient beneath his Oxford trees and towers
 He still is gently ours :

Hierarch of the spirit, pure and strong,
Worthy Uranian song.
Gracious God keep him: and God grant to me
By miracle to see
That unforgettably most gracious friend,
In the never-ending end.

1902.



The Bibelot

THOSE who have read *By Sundown Shores* will at once perceive that *Sea-Magic and Running Water* is composed in the same mystic strain, and carries the same Celtic burden of an old fast-fading day. Its final section has, indeed, already appeared as a dedicatory foreword to the earlier little collection of *Studies in Spiritual History*. Later on we hope to give some further studies, should what is here reprinted find favour,—more, especially three very beautiful contributions to recent English reviews,—“*The Magic Kingdoms*,” “*The Sunset of Old Tales*” and “*The Woman at the Crossways*.”

“If Fiona Macleod means one-half to others what she has meant to me and mine,”—we are citing the words of a recent American reviewer—“there will be a recognition of that name by and by which will sweep our continent from sea to sea.” Believing as we do that this is no far-fetched and uncritical estimate of what *From the Hills of Dream*, *The Divine Adventure*, and the other volumes by Miss Macleod which we publish really stand for,

it is a great personal pleasure to supplement these books with some of her later essays.

For us, and, as we hope for our readers, there comes a breath out of the Unseen, "across the fields of sleep and other years," which in "Sea-Magic" attains a pathos and a poignancy unsurpassable. The old Shepherd is true kin to Barabal who had "gone where the South wind blows, in blossom and flowers and green leaves, across the pastures of Death." It is a brief episode woven out of the heart's tissue of living experience,—this passing of one whose final happiness was "a little formless music—and who contentedly put it away at last for the deep music of immortal things."

A writer who speaks in such authentic and unforgettable language may well abide the day and hour, however late in arriving, of permanent literary fame.



FOR MAY :

LYRICS

By

ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON.

SEA-MAGIC AND RUNNING WATER
By
FIONA MACLEOD.

SEA-MAGIC AND RUNNING WATER.

I. CUILIDH MHOIRE.

WITHIN a hundred years ago many of the islefolk, and not only in the more remote places, openly practised what are called pagan rites. Many of these dealt with water, more particularly with the water of the sea: for to the people in the west the sea is an ever present power to be feared, to be propitiated, to be beguiled if possible, to be regarded as a hard foster-mother, perhaps: hardly to be loved. I have never heard any definition of the sea more impressive than that of a fisherman of the isle of Ulva, whom I knew. "She is like a woman whose beauty is dreadful," he said, "and who breaks your heart at last whether she smiles or frowns. But she doesn't care about that, or whether you are hurt or not. It's because she has no heart, being all a wild water."

I have often read of the great love of the islesmen for the sea. They love it in a sense of course, as the people of the land love uplands and wild moors, and the movements of clouds over stony braes or above long pastures by low shores and estuaries. Nor are they happy away from it. How could

they be, since the wave is in their hearts. Men and women who are born to the noise of the sea, whose cradles have rocked to the loud surge or dull croon of the tides, and who have looked on the deep every day in every season of every year, could not but feel towards it as a shepherd feels towards the barest hills, as a forester feels for the most sombre woods, as the seed-sower and the harrower feel for the monotonous brown lands, which swell upward till they seem the last ridges of the world wherefrom rounded white clouds rise like vast phantom flowers. In this sense they love it, and truly. And there are some who love it for itself, and its beauty. And there are a few who love it with passion, who feel its spell irresistible, magical. But it is not of the exceptions I speak: it is of the many. These do not love what they have so much cause to dread; what holds so many little fortunes in so great and loose a clasp; what shuts off from so many desires; what has so common a voice of melancholy; what makes an obvious destiny take the measure of fatality, an implacable doom. For them, when the sea is not a highway, it is a place of food, the Cuilidh

Mhoire or Treasury of Mary, as the Catholic islesmen of the Southern Hebrides call the sustenance-giving waters. When neither, it is most likely to be a grave, the cold drifting hearths of the dead.

At the time I speak of, the people in many parts were good Christians for most days, and then one day other selves hidden under taught faiths and later symbols would stand disclosed. Above all, when certain days of traditional sanctity recurred, it was customary to perform rites of a druidic or pagan remembrance, in the face even of priests of a Faith that has ever turned stern eyes on all rites of the eager spirit of man save its own. And what the people were then, in the many, they still are in the few; though now for the most part only where the Great Disenchantment has not yet wholly usurped the fading dominion of the Great Enchantment.

It was the custom, then, and still is in some isles, for mothers to wet brow or finger of their new-born in the flow of the tide at the end of the third week of the child's life. The twenty-first day, if a Sunday, was held to be the most fortunate, and a Thursday next to it: but a Friday was always to be

avoided, and a Saturday was held in some fear, unless the child was dark in hair and eyes and colour. It was above all needful to see that this wave-baptism happened when the tide was at the flow. If it were done at the ebb, woe to that child and that mother: soon or late the "baptised" would be called, to sink in deep gulfs and be homeless and no more seen — and, in the west, for the dead to have no green grave for sleep-covering is a nakedness of sorrow ill to endure for those left to mourn.

I remember, when I was a child, being taken to have tea in the cottage of one Giorsal Macleod, in Armadale of Sleat, who had lost both husband and son through this sea-hallowing rite having been done at the ebb. Her husband was a young man, and had never spoken to her of the fear of his mother, who through a misjudgment in a time of weakness and fever had "waved" him after the turn of the ebb. But one day when Annra Macleod came in to find Giorsal crying because unwittingly she had done a like thing, he laughed at her folly, and said that for himself he cared no whit one way or the other whether the child were dipped in

this hour or in that. But before the month was out, and on a calm night and just as the herring had risen, Annra's feet tangled in the nets, which fell back with him, and he sank into the strong ebb, and was sucked away like a fading shadow. And seven years from that day little Seoras, the boy, when fishing for *piocach* in the haven, stumbled from the coble's heavy bow and into the swift-slipping greenness. He was good at the swimming and could easily have saved himself on so calm a day and with the coble not a fathom-reach off: but he was an ebb-child, and his fate was on him, and he was called out to deep water and death. His mother saw this. And when she spoke of her sorrow she used invariably the words, "*A Dhia* (O God), 'twas a long-laid death for my cold darling: 'twas I that did it with that dip in the ebb, I not knowing the harm and the spell, *A cuisilin mo ghraidh*, *A m'ulaidh's m'agh!* (O pulse-let of my love, O my treasure and joy!)"

In those days I speak of, the people used to have many sea-rites, and, almost in all the isles, on *La' Chaluim-Chille* (St. Columba's Day) in particular. Offerings of honey-ale

or mead, fluid porridge, kale-soup, precious bread even, were given to the god of the sea. As the darkness of Wednesday night gave way to dawn on Maundy Thursday, as Mr. Carmichael relates in his beautiful *Carmina Gadelica*, the man deputed by the islefolk would walk into the sea up to his waist, and then, while he poured out the offering, would chant

A Dhe na mara
Cuir todhar 's an tarruinn
Chon tachair an talaimh
Chon bailcidh dhuinn biaidh.

"O god of the sea
Put weed in the drawing wave
To enrich the isle-soil
To shower on us food."

"Then those behind the offerer took up the chant and wafted it along the sea-shore on the midnight air, the darkness and the rolling of the waves making the scene weird and impressive."

That I have not seen; and now I fear the god of the sea has few worshippers, and knows no scattered communes of bowed chanters at midnight.

But this, though also I have not seen, I know of at first hand. A man and his three sons, on an island which I will speak of only as south and east of the Minch, went secretly on the eve of St. Columba's Day a year ago, and took a pail of milk from the byres, and a jug of running water of a wellspring, and a small loaf of bread from the oven, and a red faggot from the fire held in a cleft stick. The youngest son threw the fire into the sea, crying "Here's fire for you!" And the other sons poured on the black flood the surf-white milk and the rain-grey water, crying "Here's cool water for you!" and "Here's the kindly milk for you!" And the father threw the loaf of bread on the wave, and cried "Peace to your hunger!"

That was all, and they did it secretly, and the sons (it is said) half to please their father. Only one or two neighbours knew of it, and they silent before the minister; but somehow it came to the man's ears, and like most of his kind he was angry at a thing beyond him and his understanding, and spoke in contempt to one better than himself (I do not doubt), and threatened him with a public exhorting from the pulpit, so that Mr. M——

sullenly promised no more to do the thing his forbears had done for generation upon generation.

"After all, the minister was right," said some one to me, who had heard the tale: "for Mr. M—— was only holding by a superstition."

I did not make the obvious retort, but said simply that it was better to hold by old things of beauty and reverence than to put a blight on them.

I do not say the minister was wholly wrong. He spoke according to his lights. Doubtless he had in remembrance some such passage as that in Deuteronomy where the ban is put upon any who will suffer his son or his daughter to go through fire, or upon any that draw omen from the cry of fowls, or upon the interpreter of signs. And compelled by that stubborn thralldom to the explicit word which has been at once the stern strength and the spiritual failure of all the Calvinistic denominations (in our religion-harried Scotland at least), he spoke in numbed sympathy and twilit-knowledge.

Since, I have tried to learn if Mr. M—— had knowledge of the ancient meanings of

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that sea-rite, and if other words, or chant, or *urnnuigh-mhara* or sea-prayer, had been used by his elders. But, as yet, I have not learned. I have wondered often if this broken and all but silent rite were a survival of a custom before ever St. Colum was heard of. The bread offering and that of the milk are easy of understanding. But why should one give fresh water from an earth-spring to that salt unstable wilderness; why offer to it a flame of fire, whose pale crescents of light or moving green lawns beneath swaying cataracts are but the glittering robe over a cold heart, than which no other is so still everlastingly in an ancient and changeless cold?

II. SEA-MAGIC.

In one of the remotest islands of the Hebrides I landed on a late afternoon in October a year ago. There was no one on the island except an old man who was shepherd for the forescore sheep which ate the sweet sea-grass from Beltane till Samhain:¹ one sheep for each year of his life, he told me, "forby one, and that will be right between them an' me come Candlemas next." He gave me water and oatcake and offered to make me tea, which I would not have. I gave him the messages I had brought from the distant mainland of the Lews, and other things: and some small gifts of my own to supplement the few needs and fewer luxuries of the old islander. Murdo MacIan was grateful, with the brief and simple gladness of a child. By mistake a little mouth-organ, one of those small untuneful instruments which children delight in and can buy for a few pence, was in my package, along with a "poke" of carvies, those little white sweets for buttered bread dear to both young and

¹ "Beltane till Samhain": 1st May till Summerend (31st October).

old — though even they, like all genuine products of the west, great and small, are falling away in disuse ! The two had been intended by me for a small lass, the grand-child of a crofter of Loch Roag in the wester-side of the Lews : but when the yacht put in at the weedy haven, where scart and gillie-breed and tern screamed at the break of silence, I heard that little Morag had “taken a longing to be gone” and after a brief ailing had in truth returned whence she had come.

And for the moment neither snuff nor tobacco, neither woolen comforter nor knitted hose, could hold Murdo as did that packet of carvies (for the paper had loosened, and the sugary contents had swarmed like white ants) and still more that sixpenny mouth-organ. I saw what the old man eagerly desired, but was too courteous and well-bred even to hint : and when I gave him the two things of his longing my pleasure was not less than his. I asked him why he wanted the *cruit-bheul*, which was the nearest I could put the Gaelic for the foreign toy, and he said simply that it was because he was so much alone, and often at nights heard a music he would

rather not be hearing. "What would that be?" I asked. And after some hesitation he answered that a woman often came out of the sea and said strange foreign words at the back of his door, and that, he added, in a whinnying voice like that of a foal; came, white as foam; and went away grey as rain. And then, he added, "she would go to that stroked rock yonder, and put songs against me, till my heart shook like a tallow-flaucht in the wind."

Was there any other music, I asked. Yes, he said. When the wind was in the west, and rose quickly, coming across the sea, he had heard a hundred feet running through the wet grass and making the clover breathe a breath. "When it's a long way off I hear the snatch of an air, that I think I know and yet can never put name to. Then it's near, an' there's names called on the wind, an' whishts an' all. Then they sing an' laugh. I've seen the sheep standing — their forelegs on the slit rocks that crop up here like stony weeds — staring, and listening. Then after a bit they'd go on at the grass again. But Luath my dog he'd sit close to me, with his eyes big, an' growling low. Then I wouldn't

be hearing anything : no more at all. But, whiles, somebody would follow me home, piping, and till the very door, and then go off laughing. Once, a three-week back or so, I came home in a thin noiseless rain, and heard a woman-voice singing by the fire-flaucht, and stole up soft to the house-side ; but she heard the beat of my pulse and went out at the door, not looking once behind her. She was tall and white, with red hair, and though I didn't see her face I know it was like a rock in rain, with the tears streaming on it. She was a woman till she was at the shore there, then she threw her arms into the wind, an' was a gull an' flew away in the lowness of a cloud."

While I was on the island the wind had veered with that suddenness known to all who sail these seas. A wet eddy swirled up from the south-east, and the west greyed, and rain fell. In a few minutes clouds shaped themselves out of mists I had not seen and out of travelling vapours and the salt rising breaths of the sea. A long wind moved from east to west, high, but with its sough falling to me like a wood-echo where I was. Then a cloudy rain let loose a chill air, and sighed with a moan in it : in a

moment or two after, great sluices were opened, and the water came down with a noise like the tide coursing the lynns of narrow sea-lochs.

To go back in that falling flood would be to be half-drowned, and was needless too : so I was the more glad, with the howling wind and sudden gloom of darkness and thick rain, to go in to Murdo's cabin, for it was no more than that, and sit by the comfortable glow of the peats, while the old man, happy in that doing, made tea for me.

He was smiling and busy, when I saw his face cloud.

"Will you be hearing that?" he said looking round.

"What was it?" I answered, for I thought I had heard the long scream of the gannet against the waves of the wind high above us.

Having no answer, I asked Murdo if it was the bird he meant. "Ay, it might be a bird. Sometimes it's a bird, sometimes it's a seal, sometimes it's a creature of the sea pulling itself up the shore an' makin' a hoarse raughlin like a boat being dragged over pebbles. But when it comes in at the door there it is always the same, a tall man, with

the great beauty on him, his hands hidden in the white cloak he wears, a bright, cold, curling flame under the soles of his feet, and a crest like a bird's on his head."

I looked instinctively at the door, but no one stood there.

"Was the crest of feathers, Murdo?" I asked, remembering an old tale of a messenger of the Hidden People who is known by the crest of cuckoo-feathers that he wears.

"No," he said, "it wasn't. It was more like white canna blowing in the wind, but with a blueness in it."

"And what does he say to you?"

"His say is the say of good Gaelic, but with old words in it that I have forgotten. The mother of my mother had great wisdom, and I've heard her using the same when she was out speaking in the moonlight to them that were talking to her."

"What does he tell you, Murdo?"

"Sure, sometimes he has nothing to say. He just looks in the fire a long time, an' then goes away smiling."

"And who did you think it was?"

"Well, I thought it might be Mr. Macalister, him as was drowned on St. Bride's day:

the minister over at Uiseader of Harris. I've heard he was a tall, fine man, an' a scholar, an' of great goodness an' fineness. And so I asked him, the second time he came, if may be he would be Mr. Macalister. He said no, an' laughed the bit of a laugh, and then said that good man's bones were now lying in a great pool with three arches to it, deep in the sea about seven swims of a seal from Eilean Mhealastaidh, the island that lies under the shadow of Griomaval on the mainland of the Lews."¹

"An' at that," added Murdo, "I asked him how he would be knowing that."

" 'How do you know you are a man, and that the name on you is the name you have?' he said. An' at that I laughed, an' said it was more than *he* could say, for he did not seem to have the way of a man an' he kept his name in his pocket."

"With that he touched me an' I fell into an *aisling*.² And though I saw the red peats

¹ "Seven swims of a seal." A seal is supposed to swim a mile on one side, without effort, without twist; and then to change to the other side and swim in the same way the next mile; and so on.

² An *aisling*: i. e., a swoon with remembrance.

before me, I knew I was out on the sea, and was a wave herded by the wind an' lifted an' shaken by the tide — an' a great skua flyin' over saw my name floating like a dead fish an' sank to it an' swallowed it an' flew away. An' when I sat up, I was here on this stool before the peats, an' no one beside me. But the door was open, an' though there was no rain the flagstone was wet, an' there was a heavy wetness in the room, an' it was salt. It was like a spilt wave, it was."

I was silent for a time, listening to the howling of the wind and the stumbling rush of the rain. Then I spoke.

"But tell me, Murdo, how you know this was not all a dream?"

"Because of what I saw when he touched me."

"And what was that?"

"I have the fear of it still," he said simply. "His arms were like water, and I saw the seaweed floating among the bones in his hand. And so I knew him to be a *morar-mhara*,¹ a lord of the sea."

¹ "Morar" (or "Morair") a lord, as Morair Gil-leasbuig Mhic 'Illeathain (Lord Archibald Maclean).

"And did you see him after that?"

"Yes."

"And did he say anything to you then?"

"Yes. He said to me after he had sat a long time staring in the fire: 'Murdo, what age have you?' An' I told him. I said I would have eighty years come Candlemas. He said 'You've got a clean heart: an' you'll have three times eighty years of youth an' joy before you have your long sleep. An' that is a true word. It will be when the wild geese fly north again.' An' then he rose and went away. There was a mist on the sea, an' creepin' up the rocks. I watched him go into it, an' I heard him hurling great stones an' dashing them. '*These are the kingdoms of the world,*' I heard him crying in the mist. No, I have not been seeing him any more at all: not once since that day. An' that's all, *Bàn-Morar.*"

That was many months ago. There is no one on the island now: no sheep even, for the pastures are changed. When the wild geese flew north this year, the soul of Murdo MacIan went with them. Or if he did not go with them, he went where Manan promised him he should go. For who can doubt that

it was Manan, in the body or vision, he the living prince of the waters, the son of the most ancient god, who, crested as with snow-white canna with a blueness in it, and foot-circt with cold curling flame — the uplifted wave and the wandering sea-fire — appeared to the old islander? And if it were he, be sure the promise is now joy and peace to him to whom it was made.

Murdo must have soothed his last hours of weakness with the *cruit-bheul*, the little mouth-organ, for it was by the side of his pillow. In these childish things have we our delight, even those few of us who, simple of heart and poor in all things save faith and wonder, can, like Murdo MacIan, make a brief happiness out of a little formless music with our passing breath, and contentedly put it away at last for the deep music of immortal things.

III. ACROSS RUNNING WATER.

At a running water, that comes out at a place called Sràth-na-mara, near the sea-gates of Loch Suibhne, there is a pool called the Pool of the Changeling. None ever goes that way from choice, for not only the crying of the curlew is heard there, or the querulous wailing lapwing.

It was here that one night, in a September of many storms, a woman stood staring at the sea. The screaming seamews wheeled and sank and circled overhead, and the solanders rose with heavy wing and hoarse cries, and the black scarts screeched to the startled guillemots or to the foam-white terns blown before the wind like froth. The woman looked neither at the sea-fowl nor at the burning glens of scarlet flame which stretched dishevelled among the ruined lands of the sunset.

Between the black flurries of the wind, striking the sea like flails, came momentary pauses or long silences. In one of these the woman raised her arms, she the while unheeding the cold tide-wash about her feet, where she stood insecurely on the wet slippery tangle.

Seven years ago this woman had taken the one child she had, that she did not believe to be her own but a changeling, and had put it on the shore at the extreme edge of the tide-reach, and there had left it for the space of an hour. When she came back, the child she had left with a numbness on its face and with the curse of dumbness, was laughing wild, and when she came near, it put out its arms and gave the cry of the young of birds. She lifted the *leanav* in her arms and stared into its eyes, but there was no longer the weary blankness, and the little one yearned with the petulant laughing and idle whimpering of the children of other mothers. And that mother there gave a cry of joy, and with a singing heart went home.

It was in the seventh year after that finding by the sea, that one day, when a cold wind was blowing from the west, the child Morag came in by the peat-fire, where her mother was boiling the porridge, and looked at her without speaking. The mother turned at that, and looked at Morag. Her heart sank like a pool-lily at shadow, when she saw that Morag had woven a wreath of brown tangled seaweed into her hair. But that

was nothing to the bite in her breast when the girl began singing a song that had not a word in it she had ever heard on her own or other lips, but was wild as the sound of the tide calling in dark nights of cloud and wind, or as the sudden coming of waves over a quiet sea in the silence of the black hours of sleep.

"What is it, Morag-mo-rùn?" she asked, her voice like a reed in the wind.

"It's time," says Morag, with a change in her eyes, and her face shining with a gleam on it.

"Time for what, Morag?"

"For me to be going back to the place I came from."

"And where will that be?"

"Where would it be but to the place you took me out of, and called across?"

The mother gave a cry and a sob. "Sure, now, Morag-a-ghràidh, you will be my own lass and no other?"

"Whist, woman," answered the girl; "don't you hear the laughing in the burn, and the hoarse voice out in the sea?"

"That I do not, O Morag-mo-chridh, and sure it's black sorrow to you and to me to be

hearing that hoarse voice and that thin laughing."

"Well, sorrow or no sorrow, I'm off now, poor woman. And it's good-bye and a good-bye to you I'll be saying to you, poor woman. Sure it's a sorrow to me to leave you in grief, but if you'll go down to the edge of the water, at the place you took me from, where the runnin' water falls into the sea-pool, you'll be having there against your breast in no time the child of your own that I never was and never could be."

"And why that, and why that, O Morag, lennavan-mo?"

"Peace on your sorrow, woman, and good-bye to you now;" and with that the sea-changeling went laughing out at the door, singing a wave-song that was so wild and strange the mother's woe was turned to a fear that rose like chill water in her heart.

When she dared follow—and why she did not go at once she did not know—she saw at first no sight of Morag or any other on the lonely shore. In vain she called, with a great sorrowing cry. But as, later, she stood with her feet in the sea, she became silent of a sudden, and was still

as a rock, with her ragged dress about her like dragged seaweed. She had heard a thin crying. It was the voice of a breast-child, and not of a grown lass like Morag.

When a grey heron toiled sullenly from a hollow among the rocks she went to the place. She was still now, with a frozen sorrow. She knew what she was going to find. But she did not guess till she lifted the little frail child she had left upon the shore seven years back, that the secret people of the sea or those who call across running water could have the hardness and coldness to give her again the unsmiling dumb thing she had mothered with so much bitterness of heart.

Morag she never saw again, nor did any other see her, except Padruig Macrae, the innocent, who on a New Year's eve, that was a Friday, said that as he was whistling to a seal down by the Pool at Sràth-na-mara he heard someone laughing at him; and when he looked to see who it was he saw it was no other than Morag—and he had called to her, he said, and she called back to him, "Come away, Padruig dear," and

then had swum off like a seal, crying the heavy tears of sorrow.

And as for the child she had found again on the place she had left her own silent breast-babe seven years back, it never gave a cry or made any sound whatever, but stared with round, strange eyes only, and withered away in three days, and was hidden by her in a sand-hole at the root of a stunted thorn that grew there.

At every going down of the sun thereafter, the mother of the changeling went to the edge of the sea, and stood among the wet tangle of the wrack, and put out her supplicating hands, but never spoke word nor uttered cry.

But on this night of September, while the gleaming seafowl were flying through the burning glens of scarlet flame in the wide purple wildness of the sky, with the wind falling and wailing and wailing and falling, the woman went over to the running water beyond the sea-pool, and put her skirt over her head and stepped into the pool, and, hooded thus and thus patient, waited till the tide came in.

IV. THE TWO VOICES.

Of the delight of the sea no man or woman, from Sappho to the latest sea-singer of the Gael, has ever chanted more than a small choric cry of rapture in an unapproachable pæan: the pæan of the worship and joy and dread love of the sons and daughters of men since time was. To many there is no rapture like the rapture of the sea, no beauty like its beauty, no enchantment greater, no spell so subtle and so strong.

But even for these, as for many of those who do not feel this enchantment or know this spell, it is possible to touch in the magic of the sea a sorrow as deep as any human sorrow when time has healed the sting of the first lash; a melancholy more profound than that inhabiting the most waste places or the desolate regions of the poor in great cities.

This knowledge, which has been intimate to so many, never so poignantly came home to me as when, one day in the spring of this year, while on those wild Breton coasts of the Tréguier headland, I was shown an ancient sundial which had been found in the

sea, on a day when the tide had fallen away to an unprecedented distance. It had belonged to the mediæval manor to whose successor I was now a visitor — a successor itself perilously close to that ever climbing, grey, muttering waste.

When the dial was cleared of the weedy tangle which had so long held it in its place beneath the ceaseless tumult of tides and driven surge, the inscription, faint as it was, was at last deciphered. It ran —

Les Jours passent, la Douleur reste.

“The days pass, grief endures.” Is not that at times the very burden of the sea? And how could that memory of mortal sorrow, wedded to the inexplicable sadness of the ancient waters, come with a more searching pitifulness than from an old sundial long sunken from the rose-sweet manor-garden beneath the cold and barren drift of the tides?

It was a grey day when I read this inscription on the brine-bitten dial: the grey wind of the east laboured across heavy seas, that here and there turned over green flanks, and sank in a swirling seethe, spreading idly

in long ragged traceries on the grey flats and green-grey hollows. Not a sea-bird rose on white wing, or complained with hoarse scream or shrill reiterated cry along the wild and deserted shore. *Les Jours passent, la Douleur reste.* It was the dull chime of the sea put into human speech.

Later, in the manor-garden, among the roses already falling after days of rain, I could hear the slow, monotonous beat of the sea. The words of a singer of to-day came into my mind: —

“ Love is a barren sea, bitter and deep —

.

We gave love many dreams and days to keep,
Saying, ‘ If thou wilt, thrust in thy sickle, and reap : ’
All is reaped now ; no grass is left to mow.”

I could not shake off the depression which had come upon me, and even when in the little chapel, alone there save for one old woman sitting with bowed head so that I could see nothing of her but a blurred darkness in the shadow, I heard the solemn words of the Franciscan hymn

“ O Beata Solitudo !
O Sola Beatitudo ! ”

the sadness of that melancholy magic did not pass, but only deepened into a more solemn inward cadence.

But in the morning, when I woke, the sound and call of the sea came with a lifting wing. Out on the tossing wilderness of blue and white all the tides of happiness in the world seemed to be on the moving dazzle of exultant life.

Then I thought no more of that sad sea-music of the grey dusk, of the days that pass and of the sorrow that stays. But, instead, I turned with a new gladness to a volume lying near, that had in it my book-plate motto —

Le Temps passe, la Beauté survit.

Here I felt was the truer, or at least the better, reading of the obscure voice of the many waters. To the artist, what words could have so high and deliberate dignity, so deep an inward fortifying?

And all that day, through sun and shine and lifting and resting wind, if I heard one deep muffled voice sighing, *Le Temps Passe*, I heard a deeper and unmuffled voice answering, *La Beauté survit*.

V. CHILDREN OF WATER.

There is a restlessness unlike any other restlessness in the vagrant spirit of man: a disquietude that is of the soul as well as of the body, for it is the tossed spray of forgotten and primitive memories. And yet, perhaps, this feeling is only the dream of those unquiet minds who are the children of water.

Long ago, when Manannan, the god of wind and sea, offspring of Lîr, the Oceanus of the Gael, lay once by weedy shores, he heard a man and a woman talking. The woman was a woman of the sea, and some say that she was a seal: but that is no matter, for it was in the time when the divine race and the human race and the soulless race and the dumb races that are near to man were all one race. And Manannan heard the man say. "I will give you love and home and peace." The sea-woman listened to that, and said: "And I will bring you the homelessness of the sea, and the peace of the restless wave, and love like the wandering wind." At that the man chided her, and said she could be no woman, though she had his love. She laughed, and slid into green water. Then Manannan

took the shape of a youth, and appeared to the man. "You are a strange love for a seawoman," he said: "and why do you go putting your earth-heart to her sea-heart?" The man said he did not know, but that he had no pleasure in looking at women who were all the same. At that Manannan laughed a low laugh. "Go back," he said, "and take one you'll meet singing on the heather. She's white and fair. But because of your lost love in the water, I'll give you a gift." And with that Manannan took a wave of the sea and threw it into the man's heart. He went back, and wedded, and, when his hour came, he died. But he, and the children he had, and all the unnumbered clan that came of them, knew by day and by night a love that was tameless and changeable as the wandering wind, and a longing that was unquiet as the restless wave, and the homelessness of the sea. And that is why they are called the Sliochd-na-mara, the clan of the waters, or the Treud-na-thonn, the tribe of the sea-wave.

And of that clan are some who have turned their longing after the wind and wave of the mind — the wind that would overtake the

SEA-MAGIC AND RUNNING WATER

waves of thought and dream, and gather them and lift them into clouds of beauty drifting in the blue glens of the sky.

How are these ever to be satisfied, children of water?



The Bibelot

SIX years ago when we reprinted Rosamund Marriott Watson's unacknowledged first book¹ it was our intention to follow it up with the selections from her later lyrical work. This intention we now fulfill and, as it seems to us, in a manner and to an extent which must bring new readers to her all too few and far between little volumes.²

For ourselves as we once more turn the leaves of *Tares* there exhales a faint perfume, a subtle hint of spring's promise that has bourgeoned into exquisite lyric bloom,—long ago become part and parcel of a few undying memories. And in her books since then—*The Bird-Bride* harking back to old French exotics and withal containing a half-score of quite perfect sonnets, *A Summer Night* and *Vespertilia* fragrant with midsummer pomps and airs from dreamland blent, ending in *After Sunset*—when days and deeds are done—it is in such work that we feel the poet has given us of her best. Not as evidence of technique alone,—of

¹ See *The Bibelot*, Vol. IV, pp. 163-185.

² See Bibliographical Note.

mere mastery of form,—but out of the depth of the heart's deepest and dearest came these songs of adieu. They are the measure of whatever for gladness or sadness has touched and transfigured life for Rosamund Watson, and therein vibrates that personal note ensuring their perpetuity.

In what else discover, when all is said, an abiding test of verse that “enduring stays to us,” save in this magic power which Poetry possesses whereby it raises up and restores “the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the ‘dishonours of the grave’”? Such in very truth is the effect of great subjective Poesy; an effect born of memory and rhyme which may give back “the laughter and the love of long ago” even at the bidding of a single lonely word:

“What I possess, I see far distant lying,
And what I lost, grows real and undying.”



FOR JUNE :
POEMS IN PROSE
By
OSCAR WILDE.

LYRICS

By

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

HEREAFTER

*Shall we not weary in the windless days
Hereafter, for the murmur of the sea,
The cool salt air across some grassy lea?
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from out Life's dear, forsaken ways?*

*Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
Summer, and soft unseasonable spring,
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the West;
Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The sweet, vain world of turmoil and unrest.*

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

THE sum total of Mrs. Watson's contributions to English verse as gathered into books is (1) *Tares*, (anonymous) 1884; (2) *The Bird-Bride*, a Volume of Ballads and Sonnets, 1889; (3) *A Summer Night and other Poems*, 1891; (4) *Vespertilia and other Verses*, 1893; (5) *After Sunset*, 1904. Numbers 2 and 3 were issued in the name of Graham R. Tomson, under which signature she has edited *Selections from the Greek Anthology*, 1889; and, *Concerning Cats, a Book of Poems by Many Authors*—Illustrated by Arthur Tomson, 1892.

THE AUBADE.

(OLD FRENCH FOLK-SONG.)

IT is the lads of Longpré, so light of heart and gay,
And they are gone to Wanel, their sweet aubade
to play :

And from his house the maréchal looks forth at break
of day,

Says, ' Tell me for what lady's sake your sweet aubade
you play ?

Come tell me, lads of Longpré, for whom you sing ? '
saith he.

' Now, peace be with you, maréchal, 'tis not for your
ladye;

'Tis all for your good neighbour's lass, who bideth you
anear.'

(Now well the maid might hearken, so brave they
spoke and clear !)

And up she rose, the neighbour's lass, did on her linen
gown,

She took the pitcher in her hand and to the stream
went down.

' Now why go ye so heavily, now why so pale art seen ?
Whence come ye, whither go ye, O maiden sad of mien ? '

' Nay, well may I go heavily, and well be sad of mien,
Since I, of all my lovers, have nought but woe and
teen ;

For one is hanged, and one is burned, another waits
the death,
Another, at the king's fair court, the torture suffereth ;
Yes—one is hanged, and one is burned, the others
fear the fire, —
And one lives aye within my heart; he is my heart's
desire.'

THE SMILE OF ALL-WISDOM.

SEEKING the Smile of All-Wisdom one wandered
afar

(He that first fashioned the Sphinx, in the dusk of
the past):

Looked on the faces of sages, of heroes of war;

Looked on the lips of the lords of the uttermost star,

Magi, and kings of the earth — nor had found it at
last,

Save for the word of a slave, hoary-headed and weak,

Trembling, that clung to the hem of his garment,
and said,

‘ Master, the least of your servants has found what you
seek :

(Pardon, O Master, if all without wisdom I speak !)

*Sculpture the smile of your Sphinx from the lips of the
Dead !’*

Rising, he followed the slave to a hovel anear;

Lifted the mat from the doorway and looked on the
bed.

‘ Nay, thou hast spoken aright, thou hast nothing to
fear :

That which I sought thou hast found, Friend ; for, lo,
it is here ! —

Surely the Smile of the Sphinx is the Smile of the
Dead !’

Aye, on the stone lips of old, on the clay of to-day,
Tranquil, inscrutable, sweet with a quiet disdain,
Lingers the Smile of All-Wisdom, still seeming to say,
'Fret not, O Friend, at the turmoil — it passeth away ;
Waste not the Now in the search of a Then that is
vain :

'Hushed in the infinite dusk at the end shall ye be,
Feverish, questioning spirits that travail and yearn,
Quenched in the fulness of knowledge and peaceful as
we :

Lo, we have lifted the veil — there was nothing to see !
Lo, we have looked on the scroll — there was nothing
to learn !'

OLD BOOKS, FRESH FLOWERS.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JOSEPH
BOULMIER.)

ALONE, at home, I dwell, content and free :
The soft May sun comes with his greeting fair ;
And, like a lute, my heart thrills tremblingly,
By the Spring's fingers touched to some sweet air.
Blessed be Thou, my God, who from my face
Tak'st the pale cast of thought that weary lowers !
My chamber walls — my narrow window-space
Hold all most dear to me — old books, fresh flowers.

Those trusty friends, that faithful company —
My books — say, ' Long his slumbers, and we wait !'
But my flowers murmur as they look on me,
' Nay, never chide him, for he watched so late !'
Brethren and sisters, these of mine ! my room
Shines fair as with the light of Eden's bowers ;
The Louvre is not worth my walls abloom
With all most dear to me — old books, fresh flowers.

Beside your shelves I know not weariness,
My silent-speaking books ! so kind and wise ;
And fairer seems your yellowed parchment dress
Than gay morocco, to my loving eyes.
Dear blossoms, of the humble hermit's choice,
In sweetest communing what joys are ours !

To you I listen, and with you rejoice;
For all I love is here — old books, fresh flowers.

Men are unlovely, but their works are fair —
Ay, men are evil, but their books are good:
The clay hath perished, and the soul laid bare
Shines from their books in heavenly solitude.
Light on each slender stem pure blossoms rest,
Like angel envoys of the Heavenly powers;
Of all earth's maidens these are first and best,
And all I love is here — old books, fresh flowers.

A double harvest crowns my granary:
From all light loves and joys my soul takes flight;
My books are blossoms, and their bee am I,
And God's own volumes are my blossoms bright.
These and no other bosom-friends are mine;
With them I pass my best, my calmest hours;
These only lead me to the light Divine,
And all I love is here: old books, fresh flowers.

My books are tombs where wit and wisdom sleep,
Stored full with treasure of the long ago;
My tender buds, that dews of springtide steep,
Like shining mirrors of the future show.
The present is so sad! . . . this dark to-day
Like skies with thunder charged above us lowers:
Ah! of the past — the future — speak away,
Tell me of naught but these . . . old books, fresh
flowers.

SCYTHE SONG.

STALWART mowers, brown and lithe,
Over summer meads abloom,
Wielding fast the whispering Scythe,
Where is all the old perfume?
Breathes it yet in tender gloom,
Soft through Hades' twilight air?
Where hath Summer-tide her tomb?
Hush! the Scythe says, *where, ah where?*

Comes the long blade, gleaming cold,
Where the garden-ground is spread —
Rays of pearl on crowns of gold,
Dainty daisies, white and red!
Dames that o'er them once would tread,
Damsels blithe and debonair,
Where is all your sweetness fled?
Hush! the Scythe says, *where, ah where?*

Time! who tak'st and giv'st again
All things bitter, some things sweet,
Must we follow, all in vain
Follow still those phantom feet?
Is there not some grass-grown street,
Some old, yew-begirt parterre,
Where our Dreams and we may meet?
Hush! the Scythe says, *where, ah where?*
August, 1887.

HIC JACET.

AND is it possible? — and must it be —
At last, indifference 'twixt you and me?
We who have loved so well,
Must we indeed fall under that strange spell,
The tyranny of the grave?

In sullen severance patient and resigned,
By each of each forgotten out of mind —
Dear, is there none to save?
Must you whose heart makes answer to mine own,
Whose voice compels me with its every tone,
Must you forget my fealty to claim,
And I — to turn and tremble at your name,
Sunk in dull slumber neath a lichened stone?
Shall not my pulses leap if you be near?
Shall these endure, the sun, the wind, the rain,
And naught of all our tenderness remain,
Our joy — our hope — our fear? . . .

Sweet, 'tis the one thing certain — rail or weep,
Plead or defy, take counsel as we may,
It shall not profit us: this, only, pray
Of the blind powers that keep
The harvest of the years we sow and reap,
That naught shall sever nor estrange us — Nay,
Let us live out our great love's little day
Fair and undimmed, before we fall on sleep.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

*' Le vent qui vient à travers la montagne
Me rendra fou.'*

THE linden leaves are wet,
The gas-lights flare —
Deep yellow jewels set
In dusky air,
In dim air subtly sweet
With vanished rain.

Hush! — from the distant street
Again — again —
Life's music swells and falls,
Despairing — light —
Beyond my garden walls
This summer night.

Where do you call me, where?
O voice that cries!
O murky evening air,
What Paradise,
Unsought, unfound, unknown,
Inviteth me,
With faint night-odours blown?
With murmurous plea?

Future art thou, or Past ?
Hope, or Regret ?
My heart throbs thick and fast,
Mine eyes are wet,
For well and well I know
Thou hast no share,
Nor hence, nor long ago,
Nor anywhere.

RESURGAM.

THOUGH I am old, the world will still be young—
The spring wind breathes on slumbering memories,
The spring birds pipe amid my garden trees,
And dense and green the new year's grass hath sprung :
Ay, though my light is dimmed and my heart wrung
By pitiless eld's unsparing cruelties.

Ah, for that shore beyond the unsailed seas !
Where burns the Fire of Life with equal flame :
Where never sigheth song nor bringeth breeze
One whisper of the pride of youth's surcease,
The faded years' inevitable shame.

And yet — and yet — most sweet it is to know
That though my meagre days be withering,
Still shall be wrought the miracle of Spring,
That deep May nights shall bloom, and love-lamps glow,
Still shall the town's bright rapids swirl and flow,
The meteor troop of passions come and go ;
That men shall love, and hate, and laugh, and sing.

I see my imperfection perfected,
My hampered hopes by stronger hearts set free,
My halting plans by others crowned and sped,
Whose feet shall find the paths I might not tread,
Whose clearer eyes the things I loved shall see :—

The sunlight gold — the shadow of the dawn —
The autumn evening's amber sorcery,
When o'er my head the veil of death is drawn
And all the waves of Night go over me.

And so I cannot but be comforted
To think how fair my world will always be,
That Youth and Spring revive eternally,
That abler hands shall labour in my stead,
And gay new ventures dare the hazardous sea:

Thus shall I live again though I be dead;
And all my soul is glad unspeakably.

SPRING SONG.

So many ways to wander in,
So many lands to see!
The west wind blows through the orchard-close,
And the white clouds wander free;
The wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

And it's O, for the wide world, far away!
'Tis there I fain would be,
It calls me, claims me, the live-long day,
Sweet with the sounds and the scents of May,
And the wind in the linden-tree;
The wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

'Far, and far, in the distance dim,
Thy fortune waiteth thee!'—
I know not where, but the world is fair
With many a strange countree;
The wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

So many ways I may never win,
Skies I may never see!
O wood-ways sweet for the vagrant feet,
What may not come to be?—

What do they sing in the heart of Spring,
And where do they beckon me ?

Farewell, farewell, to my father's house !
Farewell, true-love, to thee !
Dear, and dear, are the kind hearts here,
And dear mine own roof-tree —
But the wild birds sing in the heart of Spring,
And the green boughs beckon me.

FINIS.

EVEN for you I shall not weep
When I at last, at last am dead,
Nor turn and sorrow in my sleep
Though you should linger overhead.

Even of you I shall not dream
Beneath the waving graveyard grass;
One with the soul of wind and stream
I shall not heed you if you pass.

Even for you I would not wake,
Too bitter were the tears I knew,
Too dark the road I needs must take —
The road that winds away from you.

EPITAPH.

Now lay thee down to sleep, and dream of me ;
Though thou art dead and I am living yet,
Though cool thy couch and sweet thy slumbers be,
Dream — do not quite forget.

Sleep all the autumn, all the winter long,
With never a painted shadow from the past
To haunt thee ; only, when the blackbird's song
Wakens the woods at last,

When the young shoots grow lusty overhead,
Here, where the spring sun smiles, the spring wind
grieves,
When budding violets close above thee spread
Their small, heart-shapen leaves,

Pass, O Belovéd, to dreams from slumber deep ;
Recount the store that mellowing time endears,
Thread, through the measureless mazes of thy sleep,
Our old, unchangeful years.

Lie still and listen — while thy sheltering tree
Whispers of suns that rose, of suns that set —
For far-off echoes of the Spring and me.
Dream — do not quite forget.

THE ISLE OF VOICES.

F^{AIR} blows the wind to-day, fresh along the valleys,
Strange with the sounds and the scents of long ago;
Sinks in the willow-grove, shifts, and sighs, and rallies —
Whence, Wind, and why, Wind, and whither do you go?

Why, Wind, and whence, Wind? — Yet well and well
I know it —

Word from a lost world, a world across the sea;
No compass guides there, never chart will show it —
Green grows the grave there that holds the heart of me.

Sunk lies my ship, and the cruel sea rejoices,
Sharp are the reefs where the hungry breakers fret —
Land so long lost to me! — Youth, the Isle of Voices,
Call never more to me — I who must forget.

ALL-SOULS DAY.

TO-DAY is theirs — the unforgotten dead —
For strange and sweet communion set apart,
When the strong, living heart
Beats in the dissolute dust, the darkened bed,
Rebuilds the form beloved, the vanished face,
Relights the blown-out lamps o' the faded eyes,
Touches the clay-bound lips to tenderest speech,
Saying, "Awake — arise!"
To-day the warm hands of the living reach
To chafe the cold hands of the long-loved dead;
Once more the lonely head
Leans on a living breast, and feels the rain
Of falling tears, and listens yet again
To the dear voice — the voice that never in vain
Could sound the old behest.
Each seeks his own to-day; — but, ah, not I — I enter not
That sacred shrine beneath the solemn sky;
I claim no commerce with the unforgot.

My thoughts and prayers must be
Even where mine own fixed lot hereafter lies,
With that great company
For whom no wandering breeze of memory sighs
Through the dim prisons of imperial Death:
They in the black, unfathomed oubliette
For ever and ever set —
They, the poor dead whom none remembereth.

LES FOINS.

THEY are mowing the meadows now, and the
whispering, sighing
Song of the scythe breathes sweet on mine idle ear,—
Songs of old Summers dead, and of this one dying,—
Roses on roses fallen, and year on year ;

Softly as swathes that sink while the long scythe,
swinging,
Passes and pauses and sweeps through the deep
green grass :
Strange how this song of the scythe sets the old
days singing —
Echoes of seasons gone, and of these that pass.

Fair ghost of Youth — from your sea-fragrant
orchard-closes
Called by the voice of the scythe as it sighs
and swings —
Tell to me now as you toss me your phantom roses,
What was the dream you dreamed through
those vagrant Springs ?

What that forgotten air when the heart went maying ?
What was the perfume blowing afar, anear ?

.

“ Youth — Youth — Youth ” — the Scythe keeps
sighing and saying —

“ The rose you saw not — the tune that you
could not hear.”

“WHERE NEITHER MOTH NOR RUST DOTH
CORRUPT.”

I F, peradventure, in the years to be
You come, O Child, to narrower needs of me
As the world widens to you — even although
Life touch you with indifference as you go —
No longer hand in hand and heart to heart,
Should we be borne apart,
Thrust far asunder in the hurrying press,
Even so I shall not fare companionless.
I 'mid the last late loiterers wandering slow,
With wearied, equable pace,
The solace of the sunset on my face —
The sunset spacious and low —
With tired feet in the dew,
Lifting mine eyes where you
Far in the forefront of the pageant ride,
Mailed in the splendours of your strength and pride.
You — yet another you
Yourself as verily — leans his cheek to mine,
Lilts inarticulate eloquence divine
With babbling call and coo. . . .

The small down-vestured head,
Golden and faint,
Pale as the aureole of a child saint,
Dear as a tender thought of one long dead;

The innocent eyes ; the sweet
Impetuous little feet ;—
These, though the world went mourning for your sake,
Not the sheer tomb could take. . . .
The sweet eyes plead ; the fluttering hands implore ;
The frail arms cling as fondly as before
The strange years worked their will.

Child of my heart, though change and time divide
Me and your later semblance, you abide.
However time may devastate or fulfil,
Safe, incorruptible, shall my treasure hide ;
Borne on my breast, light-pattering at my side,
The fair ghost linger still.

A CHILD'S GARDEN.

THE garden wastes: the little child is grown;
Rank with high weeds and blossoms overblown,
His tiny territory boasts no more
The dainty many-coloured mien it wore
In the old time,
When the stout toiler of the summer's prime
Wrought in his glory, sun-flushed and bemired,
With spade and water-can, nor ever tired,
Yet found the bedward stair so steep to climb.

Pink and forget-me-not and mignonette,
Red double daisies accurately set,
We had them all by heart and more beside,
Purple and yellow pansies, solemn-eyed
As little owlets in their tufted bowers. . . .
The weeds have come and driven forth the flowers.
Summer with all her roses onward hastes.
The garden wastes —
This poor small garden, sweet in summers known.
The garden wastes: the little child is grown.

How good those summers, gay and golden-lit,
When down the walks the white-frocted form would
flit,
Laden and all-triumphant with its load;
That narrow pleasaunce, and the spoils of it!

The various spoils of it so proudly shown,
So royally bestowed. . . .
Green wrinkled cress and rosy radish node,
The unsunned strawberry's dimly coral cone, —
There be none such treasures now: the child is grown.

The fish-tailed merchild carved in crumbling stone
Wreathed with loose straggling roses, reigns alone,
Th' abandoned idol still smiles gravely on.
The other child is gone.
New play, new paths, the old sweet hours disown;
Poor graven image on your rain-worn throne
Smiling the foolish smile,
Rose petals fall around you yet awhile,
Nor may I mourn this little plot defaced,
The bare nest whence the fledging bird has flown,
His garden-waste:
The little child is grown.

NEIGES D'ANTAN.

TO R. A. M. S.

SUNLIGHT, and birds, and blossom on the trees —
What, O my heart, is wanting more than these?
What shall content if these may not avail? . . .
Once on a time 'twas joy enough to lie
Beneath the young leaves and the limpid sky,
A spell-bound traveller in a fairy-tale.

.

Oh! nevermore for us the Palace of Spring,
No more those haunted chambers echoing
Sweet, sweet, and hollow, to the cuckoo's song;
Filled with a mellow lustre all day long,
And lit by golden lamps at evening.
No more the enchanted woods — their purple haze
Enveils them yet — but closed are all the ways —
The elfin meadows glimmer, deep in dew,
Misty with flowers — but we have lost the clue;
There is no path into the magic maze.

.

These were youth's emissaries, every one,
The darting birds between the orchard snows. .
'Twas Youth that blossomed lovelier than the rose,
And Youth that fluted in the blackbird's throat,
And Youth that steered the sun's great golden boat,

The westering golden galley of the sun.
Youth comes no more for ever — even although
The fields take flower again, and lilacs blow,
And pointed leaf-buds gather on the vine :
Even although the sun should sail and shine
Bright as of old, and all the thickets rang —
That sun is set, and mute the spirit that sang.

IN MEMORIAM R. A. M. S.

YOU are not here, and yet it is the Spring—
The tide you loved, compact of sun and rain,
And all sweet life and colour waking,
Losing your touch the world falls grey again.

With you we strayed through faëry palaces,
Threaded green forests dark with ancient trees,
Solemn with pomp of immemorial shade,
Where by still pools the wood-nymphs bathed and played:
Unconscious as a happy child at play,
Of all forgotten splendours you were free,
And all the present wealth of night and day—
O, you, and you alone, could lead the way,
Yours was the key.

Yours was the golden touch, O loved and lost,
Or ever the wintry years that bring the frost
Could blur your radiant spirit, you are fled.
Eld shall not make a mock of that dear head,
Nor Time account you with his tempest-tost.
Young with imperishable youth you sped:
Yours is the peace, ours the unnumbered cost.

THE LOST LEADER.

ROSAMUND MARRIOT WATSON.

HAIL and farewell! Through gold of sunset glowing,
Brave as of old your ship puts forth to sea;
We stand upon the shore to watch your going,
Dreaming of years long gone, of years to be.

The ship sails forth, but not from our remembrance,
We who were once of your ship's company :
Master of many a strong and splendid semblance,
Where shall we find another like to thee?

Your ship sets sail. Whate'er the end restore you,
Or golden Isles, or Night without a star,
Never, Great-Heart, has braver barque before you
Or sailed, or fought, or crossed the soundless bar.

July 18, 1903.



The Bibelot

I.

I*N the evolution of imaginative style Poetic Prose is found at the beginning of things. It has been handed down to us from remote generations, and the greater the literature the oftener Poetic Prose reveals itself. "In a measure the whole Bible is a prose poem in our version, and in the Bible, Job and Ecclesiastes are notably prose poems, and in every prophet and every apostle there are passages of the noblest prose poetry." Thus it is in English literature, as we might naturally surmise, that some of the choicest specimens of Poetic Prose are contemporary with the authorized translation of the Scriptures, especially in the writings of Jeremy Taylor and Milton. For sustained length and stress of solemn beauty Sir Thomas Browne's Discourse on Urn Burial still remains unmatched and unmatchable.*

II.

Turning from such indubitable masterpieces of the past, De Quincey's "impassioned prose," as he saw fit to call it, is

fairly familiar ground and within easy reach of the most desultory student. What is not so well known is the late James Thomson's A Lady of Sorrow; a veritable tour de force not yet sufficiently appreciated but with wondrous organ-swell peculiar to itself, bringing to an end in a triumphant chant of Death the phantasmagoric splendours of the earlier and more famous Suspiria de Profundis.

That The Hollow Land by William Morris and Rossetti's Hand and Soul, (which he at first thought to include in his Poems of 1870,) are essentially Prose Poems admits of little doubt. And how place The Story of My Heart by Richard Jefferies if not among these imperishable things? More recent work such as Olive Schreiner's Dreams (1891) and a very fine version by George Egerton of Ola Hansson's Young Ofeg's Ditties (1895) cannot fail to impress us with the immense potentialities stored up in this species of composition.

III.

We are now within sight of the Prose Poem as one of the final phases of the literary art of To-day. In the matter of delicate yet virile technique Ivan Turgeneff

undoubtedly imparted an impulse both to French and English composers of Lyric Prose. Conversely men of the first rank — Baudelaire, Maurice de Guérin, Mallarmé, to single out these three, — nor asked or required a teacher: they attained perfect utterance through their own divine might and right of genius. Last of all the Mimes of Marcel Schwob are subtle reincarnations of old Greek life and passion comparable only to Flaubert's thaumaturgic touch as revealed in his *Herodias* and *La Légende de Saint Julien L'Hospitalier*.

Unquestionably the Prose Poem has much to say for itself!

IV.

As one perceives discussion might be expanded to very generous proportions, whereas our brief Foreword can only hope to stimulate inquiry. In this regard for some of our readers we may seem to have wandered too far afield already. A single paragraph dismisses the subject for the time being.

Was it not a foregone conclusion that the suite of six Prose Poems here reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* for July 1894 should have been written by Oscar Wilde, then at the zenith of his reputation,

and be so closely affiliated in craftsmanship with all that had gone before and was still going on about him in continental literature? The man who wrote these Poems in Prose was about to suffer dire eclipse, but at that hour he was the friend of some of the wisest and wittiest men and women in England, France and America. Unhappy Brother of the Book! Is it too greatly daring to affirm that you builded better than you knew, that in your best work you did indeed save the bird in your bosom, and that after a little time is passed over the undying spirit of beauty will once again be acknowledged as your inalienable possession?



FOR JULY:
ROSES OF PAESTUM
By
EDWARD MCCURDY.

POEMS IN PROSE

By

OSCAR WILDE.

POEMS IN PROSE.

I.

THE ARTIST.

ONE evening there came into his soul the desire to fashion an image of *The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment*. And he went forth into the world to look for bronze. For he could only think in bronze.

But all the bronze of the whole world had disappeared, nor anywhere in the whole world was there any bronze to be found, save only the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow that endureth for Ever*.

Now this image he had himself, and with his own hands, fashioned, and had set it on the tomb of the one thing he had loved in life. On the tomb of the dead thing he had most loved had he set this image of his own fashioning, that it might serve as a sign of the love of man that dieth not, and a symbol of the sorrow of man that endureth for ever. And in the whole world there was no other bronze save the bronze of this image.

And he took the image he had fashioned, and set it in a great furnace, and gave it to the fire.

And out of the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow that endureth for Ever* he fashioned an image of *The Pleasure that abideth for a Moment.*

II.

THE DOER OF GOOD.

IT was night-time and He was alone.
And He saw afar-off the walls of a round city and went towards the city.

And when He came near he heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy, and the laughter of the mouth of gladness and the loud noise of many lutes. And He knocked at the gate and certain of the gate-keepers opened to him.

And He beheld a house that was of marble and had fair pillars of marble before it. The pillars were hung with garlands, and within and without there were torches of cedar. And he entered the house.

And when He had passed through the hall of chalcedony and the hall of jasper, and reached the long hall of feasting, He saw lying on a couch of sea-purple one whose hair was crowned with red roses and whose lips were red with wine.

And He went behind him and touched him on the shoulder and said to him, "Why do you live like this?"

And the young man turned round and

recognised Him, and made answer and said, "But I was a leper once, and you healed me. How else should I live?"

And He passed out of the house and went again into the street.

And after a little while He saw one whose face and raiment were painted and whose feet were shod with pearls. And behind her came, slowly as a hunter, a young man who wore a cloak of two colours. Now the face of the woman was as the fair face of an idol, and the eyes of the young man were bright with lust.

And He followed swiftly and touched the hand of the young man and said to him, "Why do you look at this woman and in such wise?"

And the young man turned round and recognised Him and said, "But I was blind once, and you gave me sight. At what else should I look?"

And He ran forward and touched the painted raiment of the woman and said to her, "Is there no other way in which to walk save the way of sin?"

And the woman turned round and recognised Him, and laughed and said, "But you

POEMS IN PROSE

forgave me my sins, and the way is a pleasant way."

And He passed out of the city.

And when He had passed out of the city He saw seated by the roadside a young man who was weeping.

And He went towards him and touched the long locks of his hair and said to him, "Why are you weeping?"

And the young man looked up and recognised Him and made answer, "But I was dead once and you raised me from the dead. What else should I do but weep?"

III.

THE DISCIPLE.

WHEN Narcissus died the pool of his pleasure changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, and the Oreads came weeping through the woodland that they might sing to the pool and give it comfort.

And when they saw that the pool had changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, they loosened the green tresses of their hair and cried to the pool and said, "We do not wonder that you should mourn in this manner for Narcissus, so beautiful was he."

"But was Narcissus beautiful?" said the pool.

"Who should know that better than you?" answered the Oreads. "Us did he ever pass by, but you he sought for, and would lie on your banks and look down at you, and in the mirror of your waters he would mirror his own beauty."

And the pool answered, "But I loved Narcissus because, as he lay on my banks and looked down at me, in the mirror of his eyes I saw ever my own beauty mirrored."

IV.

THE MASTER.

NOW when the darkness came over the earth Joseph of Arimathea, having lighted a torch of pinewood, passed down from the hill into the valley. For he had business in his own home.

And kneeling on the flint stones of the Valley of Desolation he saw a young man who was naked and weeping. His hair was the colour of honey, and his body was as a white flower, but he had wounded his body with thorns and on his hair had he set ashes as a crown.

And he who had great possessions said to the young man who was naked and weeping, "I do not wonder that your sorrow is so great, for surely He was a just man."

And the young man answered, "It is not for Him that I am weeping, but for myself. I too have changed water into wine, and I have healed the leper and given sight to the blind. I have walked upon the waters, and from the dwellers in the tombs I have cast out devils. I have fed the hungry in the desert where there was no food, and I have raised the

dead from their narrow houses, and at my bidding, and before a great multitude of people, a barren fig-tree withered away. All things that this man has done I have done also. And yet they have not crucified me."

V.

THE HOUSE OF JUDGMENT.

AND there was silence in the House of Judgment, and the Man came naked before God.

And God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and thou hast shown cruelty to those who were in need of succour, and to those who lacked help thou hast been bitter and hard of heart. The poor called to thee and thou did'st not hearken, and thine ears were closed to the cry of My afflicted. The inheritance of the fatherless thou did'st take unto thyself, and thou did'st send the foxes into the vineyard of thy neighbour's field. Thou did'st take the bread of the children and give it to the dogs to eat, and my lepers who lived in the marshes, and were at peace and praised Me, thou did'st drive forth on to the highways, and on Mine earth out of which I made thee thou did'st spill innocent blood."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

And again God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Thy life hath been evil, and the Beauty I have shown thou hast sought for, and the Good I have hidden thou did'st pass by. The walls of thy chamber were painted with images, and from the bed of thine abominations thou did'st rise up to the sound of flutes. Thou did'st build seven altars to the sins I have suffered, and did'st eat of the thing that may not be eaten, and the purple of thy raiment was broidered with the three signs of shame. Thine idols were neither of gold nor of silver that endure, but of flesh that dieth. Thou did'st stain their hair with perfumes and put pomegranates in their hands. Thou did'st stain their feet with saffron and spread carpets before them. With antimony thou did'st stain their eyelids and their bodies thou did'st smear with myrrh. Thou did'st bow thyself to the ground before them, and the thrones of thine idols were set in the sun. Thou did'st show to the sun thy shame and to the moon thy madness."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

And a third time God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man, "Evil hath been thy life, and with evil did'st thou requite good, and with wrongdoing kindness. The hands that fed thee thou did'st wound, and the breasts that gave thee suck thou did'st despise. He who came to thee with water went away thirsting, and the outlawed men who hid thee in their tents at night thou did'st betray before dawn. Thine enemy who spared thee thou did'st snare in an ambush, and the friend who walked with thee thou did'st sell for a price, and to those who brought thee Love thou did'st ever give Lust in thy turn."

And the Man made answer and said, "Even so did I."

And God closed the Book of the Life of the Man, and said, "Surely I will send thee into Hell. Even into Hell will I send thee."

And the Man cried out, "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee to Hell, and for what reason?"

"Because in Hell have I always lived," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

And after a space God spake, and said to the Man, "Seeing that I may not send thee into Hell, surely I will send thee unto Heaven. Even unto Heaven will I send thee."

And the Man cried out, "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man, "Wherefore can I not send thee unto Heaven, and for what reason?"

"Because never, and in no place, have I been able to imagine it," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

VI.

THE TEACHER OF WISDOM.

FROM his childhood he had been as one filled with the perfect knowledge of God, and even while he was yet but a lad many of the saints, as well as certain holy women who dwelt in the free city of his birth, had been stirred to much wonder by the grave wisdom of his answers.

And when his parents had given him the robe and the ring of manhood he kissed them, and left them and went out into the world, that he might speak to the world about God. For there were at that time many in the world who either knew not God at all, or had but an incomplete knowledge of Him, or worshipped the false gods who dwell in groves and have no care of their worshippers.

And he set his face to the sun and journeyed, walking without sandals, as he had seen the saints walk, and carrying at his girdle a leathern wallet and a little water-bottle of burnt clay.

And as he walked along the highway he was full of the joy that comes from the perfect knowledge of God, and he sang

praises unto God without ceasing ; and after a time he reached a strange land in which there were many cities.

And he passed through eleven cities. And some of these cities were in valleys, and others were by the banks of great rivers, and others were set on hills. And in each city he found a disciple who loved him and followed him, and a great multitude also of people followed him from each city, and the knowledge of God spread in the whole land, and many of the rulers were converted, and the priests of the temples in which there were idols found that half of their gain was gone, and when they beat upon their drums at noon none, or but a few, came with peacocks and with offerings of flesh as had been the custom of the land before his coming.

Yet the more the people followed him, and the greater the number of his disciples, the greater became his sorrow. And he knew not why his sorrow was so great. For he spake ever about God, and out of the fulness of that perfect knowledge of God which God had himself given to him.

And one evening he passed out of the

eleventh city, which was a city of Armenia, and his disciples and a great crowd of people followed after him; and he went up on to a mountain and sat down on a rock that was on the mountain, and his disciples stood round him, and the multitude knelt in the valley.

And he bowed his head on his hands and wept, and said to his Soul, "Why is it that I am full of sorrow and fear, and that each of my disciples is as an enemy that walks in the noonday?"

And his Soul answered him and said, "God filled thee with the perfect knowledge of Himself, and thou hast given this knowledge away to others. The pearl of great price thou hast divided, and the vesture without seam thou hast parted asunder. He who giveth away wisdom robbeth himself. He is as one who giveth his treasure to a robber. Is not God wiser than thou art? Who art thou to give away the secret that God hath told thee? I was rich once, and thou hast made me poor. Once I saw God, and now thou hast hidden Him from me."

And he wept again, for he knew that his Soul spake truth to him, and that he had given to others the perfect knowledge of

God, and that he was as one clinging to the skirts of God, and that his faith was leaving him by reason of the number of those who believed in him.

And he said to himself, "I will talk no more about God. He who giveth away wisdom robbeth himself."

And after the space of some hours his disciples came near him and bowed themselves to the ground and said, "Master, talk to us about God, for thou hast the perfect knowledge of God, and no man save thee hath this knowledge."

And he answered them and said, "I will talk to you about all other things that are in heaven and on earth, but about God I will not talk to you. Neither now, nor at any time, will I talk to you about God."

And they were wroth with him and said to him, "Thou hast led us into the desert that we might hearken to thee. Wilt thou send us away hungry, and the great multitude that thou hast made to follow thee?"

And he answered them and said, "I will not talk to you about God."

And the multitude murmured against him and said to him, "Thou hast led us into the

desert, and hast given us no food to eat. Talk to us about God and it will suffice us."

But he answered them not a word. For he knew that if he spake to them about God he would give away his treasure.

And his disciples went away sadly, and the multitude of people returned to their own homes. And many died on the way.

And when he was alone he rose up and set his face to the moon, and journeyed for seven moons, speaking to no man nor making any answer. And when the seventh moon had waned he reached that desert which is the desert of the Great River. And having found a cavern in which a Centaur had once dwelt, he took it for his place of dwelling, and made himself a mat of reeds on which to lie, and became a hermit. And every hour the Hermit praised God that He had suffered him to keep some knowledge of Him and of His wonderful greatness.

Now, one evening, as the Hermit was seated before the cavern in which he had made his place of dwelling, he beheld a young man of evil and beautiful face who passed by in mean apparel and with empty hands. Every evening with empty hands the young

man passed by, and every morning he returned with his hands full of purple and pearls. For he was a Robber and robbed the caravans of the merchants.

And the Hermit looked at him and pitied him. But he spake not a word. For he knew that he who speaks a word loses his faith.

And one morning, as the young man returned with his hands full of purple and pearls, he stopped and frowned and stamped his foot upon the sand, and said to the Hermit: "Why do you look at me ever in this manner as I pass by? What is it that I see in your eyes? For no man has looked at me before in this manner. And the thing is a thorn and a trouble to me."

And the Hermit answered him and said, "What you see in my eyes is pity. Pity is what looks out at you from my eyes."

And the young man laughed with scorn, and cried to the Hermit in a bitter voice, and said to him, "I have purple and pearls in my hands, and you have but a mat of reeds on which to lie. What pity should you have for me? And for what reason have you this pity?"

"I have pity for you," said the Hermit, "because you have no knowledge of God."

"Is this knowledge of God a precious thing?" asked the young man, and he came close to the mouth of the cavern.

"It is more precious than all the purple and the pearls of the world," answered the Hermit.

"And have you got it?" said the young Robber, and he came closer still.

"Once, indeed," answered the Hermit, "I possessed the perfect knowledge of God. But in my foolishness I parted with it, and divided it amongst others. Yet even now is such knowledge as remains to me more precious than purple or pearls."

And when the young Robber heard this he threw away the purple and the pearls that he was bearing in his hands, and drawing a sharp sword of curved steel he said to the Hermit, "Give me, forthwith, this knowledge of God that you possess, or I will surely slay you. Wherefore should I not slay him who who has a treasure greater than my treasure?"

And the Hermit spread out his arms and said, "Were it not better for me to go unto the outermost courts of God and praise Him,

than to live in the world and have no knowledge of Him? Slay me if that be your desire. But I will not give away my knowledge of God."

And the young Robber knelt down and besought him, but the Hermit would not talk to him about God, nor give him his Treasure, and the young Robber rose up and said to the Hermit, "Be it as you will. As for myself, I will go to the City of the Seven Sins, that is but three days' journey from this place, and for my purple they will give me pleasure, and for my pearls they will sell me joy." And he took up the purple and the pearls and went swiftly away.

And the Hermit cried out and followed him and besought him. For the space of three days he followed the young Robber on the road and entreated him to return, nor to enter into the City of the Seven Sins.

And ever and anon the young Robber looked back at the Hermit and called to him, and said, "Will you give me this knowledge of God which is more precious than purple and pearls? If you will give me that, I will not enter the city."

And ever did the Hermit answer, "All

things that I have I will give thee, save that one thing only. For that thing it is not lawful for me to give away."

And in the twilight of the third day they came nigh to the great scarlet gates of the City of the Seven Sins. And from the city there came the sound of much laughter.

And the young Robber laughed in answer, and sought to knock at the gate. And as he did so the Hermit ran forward and caught him by the skirts of his raiment, and said to him: "Stretch forth your hands, and set your arms around my neck, and put your ear close to my lips, and I will give you what remains to me of the knowledge of God." And the young Robber stopped.

And when the Hermit had given away his knowledge of God, he fell upon the ground and wept, and a great darkness hid from him the city and the young Robber, so that he saw them no more.

And as he lay there weeping he was ware of One who was standing beside him; and He who was standing beside him had feet of brass and hair like fine wool. And He raised the Hermit up, and said to him: "Before this time thou had'st the perfect knowledge

of God. Now thou shalt have the perfect love of God. Wherefore art thou weeping?" And He kissed him.



The Bibelot

ON the same shelf that holds *Earthwork* out of Tuscany in its precious first edition, side by side with Belcaro, Euphorion, and Vernon Lee's other essays on Eighteenth Century Italy, and, greatest of them all, the Renaissance Studies of Walter Pater, there is a later little book of impressions and opinions — *Roses of Paestum*.¹ In format and binding the nine essays making up this small octavo are quite as attractive to sight and touch as *Earthwork* and, presumably, quite as limited as to the number of copies issued.

To discover for oneself and then serve as torchbearer and transmitter of the message is, as our readers scarce need telling, the motif underlying all our efforts in bringing to light the sometime submerged beauties of literature. Far and forgot or near and unacknowledged — whatever has failed of general recognition we have ever held as the special province of *The Bibelot* to resow and reillumine.

¹ *Roses of Paestum* by Edward McCurdy. London: George Allen, 156 Charing Cross Road, 1900. [All rights reserved.] Fcap 8vo. Pp. viii+200.

The title-essay of the book here reprinted (in the hope that the book itself will get to be more widely known and sought after,) opens with a delicate blending of fact-and-fable which presently becomes exquisitely allegorical in its treatment of the deathless Greek roses transplanted oversea into Italian flower gardens. Thenceforth the stream of thought widens and we are bid behold a second flowering of Beauty—that marvellous reincarnation of the antique world of Art which came into life when the actual roses of Paestum had ages ago faded “from Paestan rosaries,” and with their lovers of old time and the city of their delight was only a muted memory in the minds of men.

Thus the ever-living Rose emerges as a type of ever-living Art, and the glory of the rose-gardens of old Paestum is changed as the centuries come and go into the still rarer and stranger glories of Niccola Pisano, thence onward through a long line of unwearied craftsmen culminating in a rain of roses as seen in The Birth of Venus: summed up indeed, as our essayist makes manifest, in this Sandro Botticelli who supreme artist that he was, standing neither for Christ nor for Apollo, “could in a manner paint both Aphrodite and the Madonna.”

*For us, and, as we believe for others, such
rebandling of "Eternal Beauty wandering
on her way" has seldom been ours to set
forth and share. Of the aftermath we may
be minded to garner again some day.*



FOR AUGUST :
MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN
By
WALT WHITMAN.



ROSES OF PAESTUM

By

EDWARD MCCURDY.

"Italy, my Italy!

Queen Mary's saying serves for me —

Open my heart and you will see

Graved inside of it 'Italy,'

Such lovers of old are I and she,

So it always was, so shall ever be."

ROBERT BROWNING.

ONE cannot refrain from quoting in full Mr. McCurdy's brief foreword :

TO THE READER BY WAY OF PREFACE.

These Essays treat of Italy and the mediæval spirit, — and Italy is a wayward sovereign, and her beauty leads a man far afield.

Let me say — now that the work is done in such measure as I am able — that my purpose was to trace the mediæval spirit in deed and dream by considering some of its imaginative activities, — its questings of the ideal in art, in faith, in love, and in fantasies of things more visionary than these.

They were the roses of mediæval beauty that I set out to gather, and therefore the leaves are named of the Paestan roses because these also were of seed of Greece and bloomed in Italy.

Now that the leaves are all placed together I know that they are but wind-flowers. Some day I hope to gather of the roses of the garden.

ROSES OF PAESTUM.

“E^{GYPT} in her pride had sent thee,
Caesar, winter roses as a rare gift.
But as the sailor from Memphis came near
to thy city he thought scorn of the gardens
of the Pharaohs, so beautiful was Spring
and odorous Flora's grace, and the glory of
our Paestan country, so sweetly did the
pathway blush with trailing garlands wher-
ever his glance or step might fall in his
wandering.”

And Martial asks that Egypt should rather
henceforth send grain and take roses, seeing
that in these she must yield the palm to the
Roman winter.

The Roman winter has still its eulogists, —
it is hard to overstate its perennial beauty;
but the supply of Paestan roses can no
longer be accounted in its praise.

The glory of the Paestan country is still a
thing to wonder at. The city is set between
the mountains and the sea. Behind it the
wild glens wind steeply to the huge amphi-
theatre of the Apennines, whose jagged
peaks strain upwards to the deep-blue dome
of the Calabrian sky. To the north the
Gulf of Salerno is broken in tiny bays, in

which nestle Positano and Amalfi, and above the latter Ravello is seen gleaming proudly on its height. A meadow lies between the city and the sea, and across the bay the eye rests on the islands of the Sirens, and Capri.

The city was founded by Greek colonists from Sybaris in about 600 B. C. It remained practically a Greek city after becoming subject to the native Lucanians, and we are told that the inhabitants were wont to assemble every year to lament their captivity and recall the memory of their greatness. Posidonia became Paestum, and flourished under Roman rule. Her legions took part in the Punic wars, but her famed arts were ever those of peace. Virgil as well as Martial tells of her flowery gardens, and of the roses that bloomed both in spring and autumn "*biferique Rosaria Paesti*"; and whenever Roman poets singing of the rose were minded that she should be known of local habitation, it was for the most part in Paestan gardens that they gathered her; so that the roses of Paestum became known as emblems of her beauty. Life receded from the city in the latter days of the Empire, and finally the Saracens sacked and

devastated it, and the Normans, a century later, under Robert Guiscard carried off all that they could carry of its sculpture to Salerno and Amalfi, there founding cathedrals with marble from its temples. The mouth of the river Silarus meanwhile had silted up, and the plain had become a marsh, stagnant and miasmal.

The city now is a solitude. A few fragments of the ancient walls and the lower part of one of the gates remain;—yet the little that is left of what the Romans built seems new, and, like the few modern houses of Pesto, seems to shrink away in timidity before the three Greek temples whose huge colonnades tower majestically to the horizon. They lie facing the sea and the sunset robed in the awful beauty of desolation and decay, —timeless monuments of an immemorial past. Of the three, the temple of Poseidon is at once the oldest, the largest, and the most complete.

“New Gods are crowned in the city” — or were in the years before the city became a solitude peopled only by marbles and memories. New temples of strange worship were set beside this temple of Poseidon;

and from these, too, the flame of human veneration has passed, and the altars have been bared of sacrifice and votive offering, and they have passed away with the passing of the life that dwelt beneath their shadow. Immutable, the temple of the sea-god has been witness of their coming and departing, and by its contrast with their transience it would seem that beneath the surges that murmur to the meadow, the god still lies in power, potent as of old to guard his sanctuary.

There is a fascination and a sense of content in the scene which is in itself a recognition of the supreme, the inevitable beauty with which nature has encompassed the desolate temples.

The sunlight is as a wand of enchantment wonder-working; the air quivers golden to the alchemy of its touch; the smitten facets of the marble gleam and glister with hues iridescent. Wild flowers spring luxuriant from the crevices of the columns; lizards slumber on the stones; all around incessantly the dry *chirp chirp* of the cicadas; and in the meadow to seaward herds of oxen wrench the long coarse grasses. Sun-steeped nature

ROSES OF PAESTUM

covers the footprints of the past, yet her beauty hides not — rather enforces — that they are footprints and they are desolate. Cicalas sing where once was the music of many voices; acanthus now where once grew roses; and of the rose-gardens whereof the Roman poets sang no vestige remains.

They are in thought fair to dwell upon, and they call a fair picture before us, the long festoons of roses trailing around balconies or gardens. Nestling amid their fragrance, lovers would sit at nightfall and listen to some singer from Syracuse. Perhaps as the singing ceased they would wander together in the moonlight down the long colonnades and look over the sea to the isles of the Sirens dark and tremulous in the evening air; and stay awhile, silently, hearing the murmur of the stillest wave, the one pitying all those mariners who had been lured to death, the other thinking of that strange mastering music which had drawn all men unto it until Ulysses' ship passed by unheedingly and the singers perished and the rocks were silent, wondering, may be, if the sea had memory and in its voice lived their song imperishable; and then they would turn and

wander back among the roses and think no more upon death.

Fantasies — woven of dream! Imaginings — of days that are dead to memory! Yet the Greek city by the bay of Salerno must have witnessed many such scenes in the days of the roses' flowering.

As the ivy round the oak so legend twines its tendrils around history, clinging to and supported by its strength, yet chapleting it with leaves undying after that its sap has departed, disdaining or denying the touch of death. So when legend drawn by the grandeur of their deeds has twined her tendrils around the names of kings and warriors, her contest with death is not for their memory alone, she tells rather that they are not dead but fallen asleep, and that in the fulness of time they will awaken. So Arthur "*Rex quondam Rexque futurus*" abides in Avilion to be healed of his wound, and "men say that he shall come again and he shall win the holy cross"; so Charlemagne, and Barbarossa, sleeping in his mountain fastness — they will awaken, legends say, in the hour of need.

As with kings above their compeers in prowess exalted, so with the flower of flowers,

ROSES OF PAESTUM

" Ut Rosa flos florum
Sic Arthurus rex regum,"

and the roses of Paestum, the roses of Greek beauty growing on Italian soil, in Virgil "the rose twice-flowering," "biferique Rosaria Paesti," passed not into memory when their gardens were forsaken. They were upgathered of the immortal spirit of beauty, and lay in slumber until the fulness of the time of reflowering, when in the valley of the Arno all the arts resurgent were one harmony of joy and thanksgiving.

To consider the second flowering of the roses, we must leave the Greek city, deserted and finally despoiled by the Normans, and pass to Pisa.

Pisa in the twelfth century was the mistress of the Tyrrhene sea. Her supremacy extended along the coast from Spezia to the port of Rome. Her grandeur in its zenith is perhaps only comparable in its conditions to that of Venice two centuries later. She took part in the Crusades and had great trade with the East. She had won from the Saracens Sardinia and the Balearic Isles, and had defeated their fleets off Tunis and Palermo.

Ever Ghibelline, ready to fight the Emperor's feuds as well as her own, she warred with all her neighbours and especially with the other maritime republics. "The mad little sea-falcon never caught sight of another water-bird on the wing but she must hawk at it"; and after the fall of the Hohenstaufen she was at last subdued on the sea by her inveterate and often defeated foe Genoa, at the battle of Meloria.

Her fleets returning in the days of her triumph, brought back spoil and art treasure: the Pandects of Justinian from Amalfi, earth from Palestine that her dead might rest in her Campo Santo, marble sculpture from the East, from Sicily, and from various parts of the peninsula to adorn her cathedral, which she had built in memory of her victory over the Saracens off Palermo.

Among this sculpture was a sarcophagus with two scenes in bas-relief from the story of Phaedra and Hippolytus, which for many centuries stood beside one of the doors of the Cathedral. It there served as the tomb of Beatrice of Lorraine, the mother of the Countess Matilda of Tuscany who has been by some identified with the Matelda whom

ROSES OF PAESTUM

Dante saw beyond the stream of Lethe walking in a meadow singing and gathering flowers, and who became his guide through the Terrestrial Paradise.

The custom of using these sarcophagi as Christian tombs was not infrequent, and there are similar sculptured sarcophagi in the Cathedrals of Amalfi and Salerno.

These, together with the numerous marble columns of atrium and campanile, were undoubtedly taken from Paestum; and it is perhaps permissible — theorizing where record can neither substantiate nor confute — to assign to the relief of Phaëdra and Hippolytus the same place of origin. The Pandects were in all probability not the only trophy which the Pisans carried away after their victory over Amalfi, and we know that sculptured reliefs from Paestum were there ready to their hand.

The sarcophagus, whether from Paestum or elsewhere, is carved in the classical Greek manner, and Vasari tells us that as it stood by the door of the Cathedral it drew the attention of Niccolò Pisano, who was working there under some Byzantine masters. "Niccolò was attracted by the excellence of

this work, in which he greatly delighted, and which he studied diligently, with the many other valuable sculptures of the relics around him, imitating the admirable manner of these works with so much success, that no long time had elapsed before he was esteemed the best sculptor of his time."

There is nothing sensational about this statement, and its moderation may incline us to accept it without cavil on the much vexed question of Vasari's inaccuracies.

Niccola Pisano was destined to be the founder of a new school of sculpture, but he was then an apprentice, and like Cimabue in his youth, was studying his art under Byzantine masters, who were then the best exponents of the arts of design; and this is invariably the way in which genius prepares itself for active service, — there is no rupture in tradition, the old is assimilated and then the step forward is made.

He saw in the Greek reliefs a precision of touch, a feeling of dignity and beauty which surpassed anything that his Byzantine masters had attained to in their works.

Still working we presume with the Byzantines, he added a new teacher, and served a

new apprenticeship to the work of this unknown Greek. Athena issued forth from the head of Zeus fully armed and equipped, but the votaries of her arts know no such perfection of birth—for them toil ever precedes achievement. So after studying the reliefs diligently, he began to try to copy bits of them, at first probably with no success at all, still he kept on, for he knew there was something to learn from this carving if he could only learn it; and his attempts at imitation grew a little bit like, and then more like, until finally he found he could carve heads quite like those on the sarcophagus if he wanted to, and vary them a bit if he didn't, although if he varied them the faces were still Greek and not Pisan, and they probably looked altogether nicer than the originals because they were not weather-stained or lacking any hands or noses through the mischances of time and travel.

When the Pisans saw what Niccola could do they employed him to make a pulpit for the Baptistery, and this he completed in 1260, being then about 55 years of age. It is perhaps the most beautiful work of its kind in Italy, and has for rival only Niccola's own

subsequent work at Siena. It is hexagonal, built entirely of white marble, the angles resting on Corinthian pillars which alternately descend to the ground or are carried on the backs of lions; from their capitals spring trefoiled arches, and above these, on five of the sides of the hexagon, are bas-reliefs of the Nativity, the Adoration of the Kings, the Presentation in the Temple, the Crucifixion and the Last Judgment.

Dignified in conception, restrained in manner, antique in the stateliness of its beauty, it seems rather the work of one on whose ears echoes of the past have fallen so that he seeks to reawaken and recreate her lost delight, than of one whose work was destined to be a guide and an ensample to future generations; and yet it would be hard to point to any statue or painting executed in the whole extent of Italy, from the Alpine valleys of Piedmont to the sun-steeped plains of Calabria, which can vie with this sculptured pulpit of Niccola Pisano, standing now in the Baptistery of Pisa as it has stood for over six hundred years, in its claim to be considered as the first completed endeavour of renascent Italian art.

For in these bas-reliefs, five years before the birth of Dante, sixteen years before the birth of Giotto, were exemplified the principles which the genius of both was to illustrate,—that the study of the antique was to win back the beauty of its ideal to the service of the present,—that fidelity to nature—the spirits in the Antepurgatory perceiving from Dante's breath that he was alive, gathering round in wonder as the multitude flock round a herald to hear what news he brings: or the hind in the fresco at Assisi, who on hands and knees and with all the eagerness of thirst is drinking the water that springs from the rock: or the goat scratching his ear, in the bas-relief of the Nativity,—that this fidelity to nature, this truth in common things, was as an open sesame to win for the arts entrance in the minds of men, and that the first fruits were dedicate to the service of God.

Comparing Niccola's work with his models, we see that the Phaedra of the sarcophagus has suggested the Madonna in the Adoration of the Kings, and that the high priest in the Presentation is the Bacchus of an antique sculptured vase in the Campo Santo. In

these metamorphoses we may see a forecast of how the later exuberance of the quest for beauty was to blend unheedingly things incongruous,—things pertaining to Christ and things pertaining to Diana—grouping reliefs of the story of the Fall and of Hercules and the Centaur around the same baptismal font; and they are a forecast, too, of how, when art was netted in the toils of her own magnificence, and the wings of aspiration no longer strained up to heaven, Phaedra and Bacchus came back as witnesses of her abasement to leer and make revel among the ruins, tempting Josephs and Susannahs on the canvases of Bronzino and Biliverti.

Were it not for the resemblances and for the history attaching to them, we should not perhaps linger long to look at the Greek marbles in Pisa. They would be passed by almost unnoticed among the treasures of the Vatican or the Capitoline; but these for the most part the Roman earth still covered.

Two hundred years and more of unabated effort were to elapse, the impulse given by Niccola Pisano was to animate his successors, and to win new attainment of beauty and truth under Ghiberti and Donatello, and then

in the fulness of time, in the dawn of the golden age of the Renaissance, the master works of Greek sculpture which lay buried beneath Rome or in the ruins of the Campagna were uncovered, and to Michael Angelo, studying the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, and the Dying Gladiator, something of their sublime mastery was revealed, even as Niccola Pisano had learnt his simpler lesson from the Phaedra and Hippolytus.

Like spring's first harbingers, which, bursting the sod too early, are nipped by winter's chill, yet in their brief coming are a token and a promise, — so the golden age of Pisa was a precursor of the glory of the Renaissance.

The sceptre of the arts passed from her while her fleets and armies were still potent, and Florence became the heir of her traditions, as at a later period of her sovereignty.

The immediate followers of Niccola Pisano had no succession among her children, and when the structure of the Campo Santo was completed by Giovanni Pisano in 1283 she was constrained to invite artists from Florence and Siena to paint the cloisters in fresco.

In Niccola's pulpit we see the transplanting of the roses of Greek beauty, the establishing of a rose-garden by the banks of the Arno, the fresh green of leaves budding, but it is in Florence that we must seek the second flowering, — the bloom of the perfected rose.

Entering the gallery of the Uffizi, and passing down the Eastern and Southern Corridors amidst Byzantine and Tuscan Madonnas, antique reliefs and busts of Emperors, you reach the hall of Lorenzo Monaco, so named as containing the "Coronation of the Virgin" of Don Lorenzo, monk of the Camaldoline monastery of the Angeli, and forerunner of Fra Angelico in simplicity and grace.

There are also a tabernacle by Fra Angelico of Madonna and Saints surrounded as by a nimbus by angels playing musical instruments; a panel of saints by Gentile da Fabriano, and a few Quattrocento Florentine pictures, amongst them two by Botticelli, — "The Adoration of the Magi," and "The Birth of Venus." The latter of these let us attempt to consider in detail. It represents Venus rising from the sea off the island of Cythera.

A pale green sea — faintly tremulous with wind-ripples. To the left of the picture, hovering in the air with long wings outspread, are two spirits symbolic of the winds. The cheeks of Eolus are distent, and his breath, visible as a pale shaft of light, is impelling Venus to shore. Her feet are resting on the gold-prank'd edge of a scallop shell, and the waves are dancing before it as it moves onward. She is tall, fair, virginal, undraped, save for the clinging folds of her long, yellow hair. The mythological details might lead us to expect a nymph or nereid, — soulless, elemental, looking out on mankind with something of that expression, half of mockery, half of delight, which Arnold Böcklin's nymphs possess; — but the face is tender and pensive as ever was that of Madonna. But the tenderness of Madonna is tenderness of love revealed, arms encircling the child and eyes lit with the holy light of motherhood, and this is the tenderness of expectancy the tenderness of dawn such as must have been upon the face of just-awakened Eve,

“Beneath her Maker's finger, when the fresh
First pulse of life shot brightening the snow,”

for Venus, elemental and a goddess, is like Eve coming to earth and vernal delight. It is the garden of earth where she is landing. The receding line of distance where the sea meets the shore is fretted with tiny bays, and verdant with sloping hills. On the right is a laurel grove, and before it a lady, symbolic of Spring, hastens to meet the goddess, holding in outstretched hands a red robe richly enwrought with daisies which gleam upon its folds in white emblazonry. The robe is fluttering in the breath of the wind that wafts the goddess to shore.

In the foreground to the left a few bulrushes are swaying. The stems of the laurels are sparkling with gold, and the sward gleams golden where Venus' feet will tread. Spring is clad in a white robe worked with cornflowers, a spray of olive lies lightly on her breast, and her waist is girdled with roses.

To the left of the picture there are many roses falling. Pale pink roses of hue scarce deeper than the lilled flesh of Venus, some upturned with the heart of the rose laid bare, some the winds have tilted over and they make a Narcissus' mirror of the sea,

ROSES OF PAESTUM

roses full blown and buds half-opened, they cling to the wings and streaming raiment of the winds, they lie upon their limbs, they flutter softly downwards, they are wafted to the shore, some hurrying joyously, wantonly, some dallying with the ripples of the air. A rain of roses, and the very air that attends their falling seems to murmur of it.

They are the roses of Paestum coming back again; this is the manner of their second flowering. For the delight of the antique world in the presentment of loveliness, — a delight

“not yet dead
But in old marbles ever beautiful”

slept prisoned in marble no longer, but issued forth in newness of life in the Renaissance, and it was in the pictures of Botticelli that it found expression at once most joyous and most complete. Mantegna is indeed in a sense more classical, but in Botticelli this delight is a living reality. For he was the only painter of Italy who, as Ruskin says, “understood the thoughts of Heathens and Christians equally, and could in a measure paint both Aphrodite and the Madonna.”

And understanding the thoughts of both, there is in him no attempt to blend things incongruous. To each their gifts are rendered—unto Caesar and unto God. Myths from Politian by his art made palaces of enchantment of the villas of the Medici, and from Lucian's lines he recreated the "Calumny" of Apelles. Sixtus IV. sent for him to Rome, and in the Sistine Chapel he painted with Perugino, Pinturicchio, Signorelli, and others of his contemporaries, scenes from the lives of Moses and of Christ.

As all the greatest of artists, alike in painting and in poetry, when of an age he was of his own age,—when local, then of his own city, Florence,—when he needed bystanders, then these, as in the "Adoration of the Magi," Florentines,—his contemporaries and himself among them; but the Madonna of the "Magnificat" and alike seaborne Venus are neither Jewish nor Greek nor yet Florentine, but timeless according to the measure of his ability to paint the faiths that were in him, and to us in the measure of our faiths—realities.

In the later years of his life he gave up painting Venus and the Spring, and finally

gave up the use of the brush altogether, though still for a time, as we shall see, drawing roses. After completing his work in the Sistine Chapel he returned to Florence, and there, says Vasari, "being whimsical and eccentric, he occupied himself with commenting on a certain part of Dante, illustrating the 'Inferno,' and executing prints over which he wasted much time, and, neglecting his proper occupation, he did no work, and thereby caused infinite disorder in his affairs." Yet despite Vasari not altogether idle, nor assuredly the less great of spirit in that he thus stood outside his art's achievement and would fain "put to proof art alien to the artist's" in utterance of his thought. Even so "Raphael made a century of sonnets," and "Dante once prepared to paint an angel." His rarer utterance is as theirs extinguished. He was taunted, Vasari tells us, with his unfitness, in that he "without a grain of learning, scarcely knowing how to read, had undertaken to make a commentary on Dante." Yet we would gladly, if we could, barter with time the writings of a good many of Dante's commentators in exchange for this same volume.

We are told that he afterwards became one of the followers of Savonarola, and as such totally abandoned the practice of his art and became a Piagnone (a mourning brother), and in his old age in poverty and a cripple he lived on the charity of Lorenzo de' Medici, and of others who had known him in the days of his prosperity.

Time, while robbing us of his commentary on Dante, has dealt with us more kindly as regards the illustrations. They relate not only to the "Inferno," as Vasari would lead one to suppose, but to the whole of the "Divine Comedy" with the exception of a few cantos, and have a unique interest as being the only surviving illustrations of Dante by an artist of the Renaissance. Michael Angelo is said to have made a similar book of drawings, which was lost at sea in a storm in the Gulf of Lyons.

One of these drawings, seems reminiscent in certain likenesses and contrasts of the picture in the Uffizi.

The subject is Beatrice appearing to Dante in Canto XXX. of the "Purgatorio."

Dante and Statius have reached the Terrestrial Paradise, and are walking beside

the stream of Lethe conversing with Matelda in the meadow beyond. The mystical Procession of the Church approaching amid the forest heralded by gleaming light and melody has unfolded before them. The triumphal car of the Church drawn by the Gryphon has halted. The twenty-four elders have turned to face it. They are crowned with lilies and are bearing aloft the books of their testimony. One of them, Dante tells us, chants "*Veni Sponsa de Libano*," and the rest take up the strain, and a hundred angels' voices are heard singing "*Benedictus qui venis*," and "*Manibus o date lilia plenis*" as they scatter flowers about the car. Behind the elders are the bearers of the seven candlesticks, and the long tongues of flame lie in the air as bands of light, and between them rise the upward sweeping wings of the Gryphon. Around the car the seven virtues are as maidens dancing, and behind it walk seven elders, their temples crowned with roses, among whom walks S. John in the ecstasy of sleep. In the car stands Beatrice,

" In white veil with olive wreathed
A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame."

The car is the scallop shell; the elders and the virtues are the attendant spirits, and they too are ministrant upon a lady of love; but her brows are touched by the fadeless olive emblem of wisdom and of peace.

The scallop shell is wafted by the winds to shore, but here the river divides, and it is we who must make the passage. Dante is standing with hands clasped together and eyes downcast. He has looked down in the depths of the river, but from thence his eyes recoil in shame seeing his own image, and seek rather the grasses at his feet; for it is the river of the forgetting of sin, and his eyes are heavy and laden with memories, and cannot as yet endure to meet the vision of the radiance. Beyond the river all around the car, flowers are falling. "*Manibus o date lilia plenis,*" — (scatter ye lilies with hands unsparing) — by a strange but beautiful transition the words uttered by Anchises over the bier of the young Marcellus are sung by angels' voices as they scatter flowers upon the car of Beatrice. Not death this but life, says Botticelli in his drawing, nor alone the pale white of purity, but the fervour of love divine and eternal, and the flowers

ROSES OF PAESTUM

which the angels are scattering are not lillies alone, but also roses, roses — not of Paestum but of Paradise.

Of the falling roses in the picture in the Uffizi of the "Birth of Venus" some will flutter to shore, and as they die the seed of beauty will break from the heart of the rose, and the wind will bear it to a soil where it may live. So the roses that were blown to shore on Eolus' breath have given the seeds of many roses; and changed a little by change of environment, they flowered for long in Italy, and some who have visited the garden of their second flowering have gathered the seed and carried it, so that it has flowered in Northern climes and is still flowering. Yet withal, their beauty seems never so supreme as in this the first season of their second flowering in that perfect freshness of the just-awakened rose, and so Botticelli has painted them as spirits in attendance on Love, so that coming to earth she may be reconciled.



The Bibelot

WHITMAN did not subject Lincoln to the literary but to the human motive. Lincoln does not become a literary figure by his touch. Does not become a man in a book. After Whitman is done with him Lincoln still remains Lincoln. No way reduced No way aggrandized. Only better understood. His background does not become a book. His background remains what it was. Remains life. Generic life. As life is where life finds life at the root. I may let Whitman put in a word for himself. Whitman said to me of Lincoln:

"Lincoln is particularly my man—particularly belongs to me; yes; and by the same token I am Lincoln's man: I guess I particularly belong to him: we are afloat in the same stream—we are rooted in the same ground."

To know the Lincoln of Whitman you want to know the Whitman of Whitman. Whitman was literary. But he was not first of all literary. Or last of all literary. First of all he was human. He was not the leaves of a book. He was the bone and flesh of a man. Yes, he was that something or other not bone or flesh which is also of a man—which finally is the man. Simply literary

analysis can make little out of Whitman. He does not yield to the scalpel. He is not to be resurrected from an inkpot. His voice falls in with the prophet voices. He was not unlettered. He knew the alphabet. But he kept all alphabetical arrogance well in hand. The letter was kept in hand. The spirit was left free. You cannot buy a ticket for Athens or Weimar or Paris or London or Boston and reach Whitman. He is never reached in that circle. The literary centers do not lead to him. You have got to travel to him by another route. You go East and find the Buddhistic canticles. You consult the Zoroastrian avatars. And you take the word of Jesus for a great deal. And you may hit Socrates on the way. And you keep on with your journey, touching here and there in European history certain men, certain influences. Going into port now and then. Never going where men compete for literary judgment. Never where men set out to acquit themselves immortally as artists. Keeping forever close to the careless rhythms of original causes. So you go on. And go on. And by and by you arrive at Whitman. Not by way of the university. Not by way of Shakespeare. Not by way of the literary experts and adepts. But by human ways. To try to

find Whitman by way of Shakespeare or Molière would be hopeless. I do not disparage the other routes to other men. I am only describing this route to Whitman. This route, which is the only route. Whitman chants and prays and soars. He is not pretty. He is only beautiful. He is not beautiful with the beauty of beauty. He is beautiful with the beauty of truth. The pen can easily miss Whitman. But the heart reaches him direct. Whitman is therefore the best route to Lincoln. The same process which provides Whitman for you provided Lincoln for Whitman. Whitman said to me again about Lincoln :

"There was no reason why Lincoln should not have been a prophet rather than a politician ; he was in fact a divine prophet-politician ; in him for almost the first time prophecy had something to say in politics. I shouldn't wonder but that in another age of the world Lincoln would have been a chosen man to lead in some rebellion against ecclesiastical institutions and religious form and ceremony."

HORACE TRAUBEL.

M*Y friend Horace Traubel having favored us with a foreword to this month's Bibelot it only remains for me to add a brief bibliographical note to what in his inimitable way he has said so well and wisely.*

In the first edition entitled Walt Whitman's | Drum-taps. | New York, | 1865. | (12mo Pp. i-iv: 5-72.) the monody on Lincoln does not find place. It was first printed in a separate pamphlet Sequel to Drum-taps: | (Since the preceding came from the press.) When Lilacs Last in the | Door-yard Bloom'd, | and other pieces. Washington | 1865-6. | (12mo Pp. 1-24). In this sequel "O Captain, My Captain," is included while "Hush'd Be the Camps To-day" was given in the original Drum-taps of 1865. The quatrain "This Dust Was Once the Man" is last of all added in the 1871-2 edition, (Washington, D. C.) which contains a section entitled "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn" and brings together the entire suite of four poems, while in the Boston edition of 1881-2 they are finally grouped as "Memories of President Lincoln." Henceforth no changes are made in the text or its order.

We are not told that Lincoln ever read Leaves of Grass or as much as knew of its existence. Neither are we aware if Whitman ever had intimate personal speech with the liberator of three million souls in bondage. But we do know and rejoice that both men were in the world together, and near in heart and brain together, and that this greatest of all dirges, born of a nation's mourning for her dead, will remain an everlasting masterpiece when

*"The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."*

T. B. M.

MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

By

WALT WHITMAN.

*“ He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes ;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.”*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“THE main effect of this poem is of strong, solemn, and varied music ; and it involves in its construction a principle after which perhaps the great composers most work, — namely, spiritual auricular analogy. At first it would seem to defy analysis, so rapt is it, and so indirect. No reference whatever is made to the mere fact of Lincoln’s death ; the poet does not even dwell upon its unprovoked atrocity, and only occasionally is the tone that of lamentation ; but, with the intuitions of the grand art, which is the most complex when it seems most simple, he seizes upon three beautiful facts of nature, which he weaves into a wreath for the dead President’s tomb. The central thought is of death, but around this he curiously twines, first, the early-blooming lilacs which the poet may have plucked the day the dark shadow came ; next the song of the hermit thrush, the most sweet and solemn of all our songsters, heard at twilight in the dusky cedars ; and with these the evening star, which, as many may remember, night after night in the early part of that eventful spring, hung low in the west with unusual and tender brightness. These are the premises whence he starts his solemn chant.

The attitude, therefore, is not that of being bowed down and weeping hopeless tears, but of singing a commemorative hymn, in which the voices of nature join, and fits that exalted condition of the soul which serious events and the presence of death induce.”

JOHN BURROUGHS.

MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

I.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD
BLOOM'D.

I.

WHEN lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western
sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning
spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2.

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night — O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd — O the black murk that hides
the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless — O helpless soul
of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3.

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the
 white-wash'd palings,
 Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped
 leaves of rich green,
 With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the
 perfume strong I love,
 With every leaf a miracle — and from this bush in the
 dooryard,
 With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves
 of rich green,
 A sprig with its flower I break.

4.

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
 A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

 Solitary the thrush,
 The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settle-
 ments,
 Sings by himself a song.

 Song of the bleeding throat,
 Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I
 know,
 If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely
 die.)

5.

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
 Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the
 violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the
 gray debris,
 Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes,
 passing the endless grass,
 Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its
 shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
 Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the
 orchards,
 Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
 Night and day journeys a coffin.

6.

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
 Through day and night with the great cloud darkening
 the land,
 With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities
 draped in black,
 With the show of the States themselves as of crape-
 veil'd women standing,
 With processions long and winding and the flambeaus
 of the night,
 With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of
 faces and the unbared heads,

With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the
sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand
voices rising strong and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd
around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs —
where amid these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

7.

(Not for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would I chant a song
for you O sane and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

8.

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month
since I walk'd,

As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me
 night after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my
 side, (while the other stars all look'd on,)
As we wander'd together the solemn night, (for some-
 thing I know not what kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the
 west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the
 cool transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the
 netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where
 you sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9.

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear
 your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has de-
 tain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains
 me.

10.

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I
 loved?
 And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul
 that has gone?
 And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I
 love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
 Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the West-
 ern sea, till there on the prairies meeting,
 These and with these and the breath of my chant,
 I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11.

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
 And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the
 walls,
 To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
 With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray
 smoke lucid and bright,
 With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indo-
 lent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
 With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale
 green leaves of the trees prolific,

In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the
river, with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line
against the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and
stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the
workmen homeward returning.

12.

Lo, body and soul — this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and
hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North
in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass
and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the
stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13.

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,

Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant
from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul — O wondrous singer!
You only I hear — yet the star holds me, (but will
soon depart,)
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14.

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of
spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its
lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds
and the storms,)
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift pass-
ing, and the voices of children and women,
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how
they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the
fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on,
each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,

And the streets how their throbbings throb'd, and the
cities pent — lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping
me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowl-
edge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side
of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side
of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as hold-
ing the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the
swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so
still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades
three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I
love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the
 night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

*Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.*

*'Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.*

*Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come,
 come unfalteringly.*

*Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing
 the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.*

*From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and
 feastings for thee,*

*And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread
sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful
night.*

*The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose
voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.*

*Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields
and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves
and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.*

15.

To the tally of my soul,
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd
with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and
torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs, (and all
in silence,)
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.
I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the debris and debris of all the slain soldiers of
the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

16.

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying
song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-
altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and
falling, flooding the night,

Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and
yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from
recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door-yard, blooming, returning
with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west,
communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements out of the
night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird ;
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the counte-
nance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand nearing the call of
the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory
ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands
— and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my
soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

II.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and
daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle
trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces
turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed
and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells !

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

III.

HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TO-DAY.

(*May 4, 1865.*)

HUSH'D be the camps to-day,
And soldiers let us drape our war-worn weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to celebrate,
Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
Nor victory, nor defeat — no more time's dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing poet in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him — because you, dweller
in camps, know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
Sing — as they close the doors of earth upon him —
one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

IV.

THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN.

THIS dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose
cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history known in any land
or age,
Was saved the Union of these States.

SELECTIONS FROM DRUM-TAPS
AND SONGS OF PARTING.

- I. BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!
- II. COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER.
- III. THE WOUND-DRESSER.
- IV. SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE.
- V. ASHES OF SOLDIERS.
- VI. PENSIVE ON HER DEAD GAZING.
- VII. CAMPS OF GREEN.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

BEAT! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows — through doors — burst
like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet — no happiness must
he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field
or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums — so shrill
you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities — over the rumble of wheels in
the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses?
no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day — no brokers or specu-
lators — would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt
to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case
before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums — you bugles wilder
blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley — stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid — mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's
 entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie
 awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums — so loud you
 bugles blow.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER.

COME up from the fields father, here's a letter from
our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter
from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering
in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on
the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines ?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately
buzzing ?)
Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the
rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm
prosperes well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come at the
daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front door come
right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her
steps trembling,

She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her
cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken
mother's soul!

All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she
catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry
skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities
and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter
speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dis-
may'd,)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be
needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)
While they stand at home at the door he is dead
already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully
 sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep
 longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life
 escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

THE WOUND-DRESSER.

I.

AN old man bending I come among new faces,
Years looking backward resuming in answer to
children,
Come tell us old man, as from young men and maidens
that love me,
(Arous'd and angry, I'd thought to beat the alarum, and
urge relentless war,
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd and I
resign'd myself,
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently
watch the dead ;)
Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions,
these chances,
Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave ? the
other was equally brave ;)
Now be witness again, paint the mightiest armies of
earth,
Of those armies so rapid so wondrous what saw you
to tell us ?
What stays with you latest and deepest ? of curious
panics,
Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous what
deepest remains ?

O maidens and young men I love and that love me,
 What you ask of my days those the strangest and
 sudden your talking recalls,
 Soldier alert I arrive after a long march cover'd with
 sweat and dust,
 In the nick of time I come, plunge in the fight, loudly
 shout in the rush of successful charge,
 Enter the captur'd works — yet lo, like a swift-running
 river they fade,
 Pass and are gone they fade — I dwell not on soldiers'
 perils or soldiers' joys,
 (Both I remember well — many the hardships, few the
 joys, yet I was content.)

But in silence, in dreams' projections,
 While the world of gain and appearance and mirth
 goes on,
 So soon what is over forgotten, and waves wash the
 imprints off the sand,
 With hinged knees returning I enter the doors, (while
 for you up there,
 Whoever you are, follow without noise and be of strong
 heart.)

Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
 Straight and swift to my wounded I go,

Where they lie on the ground after the battle brought
in,
Where their priceless blood reddens the grass the
ground,
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or under the roof'd
hospital,
To the long rows of cots up and down each side I
return,
To each and all one after another I draw near, not one
do I miss,
An attendant follows holding a tray, he carries a refuse
pail,
Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and blood, emptied,
and fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,
I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes — poor boy! I never
knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for
you, if that would save you.

3.

On, on I go, (open doors of time! open hospital doors!)
The crush'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand tear not
the bandage away,)

The neck of the cavalry-man with the bullet through
and through I examine,
Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye,
yet life struggles hard,
(Come sweet death! be persuaded O beautiful death!
In mercy come quickly.)

From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off
the matter and blood,
Back on his pillow the soldier bends with curv'd neck
and side-falling head,
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look
on the bloody stump,
And has not yet look'd on it.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep,
But a day or two more, for see the frame all wasted
and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.

I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the
bullet-wound,
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene,
so sickening, so offensive,
While the attendant stands behind aside me holding
the tray and pail.

I am faithful, I do not give out,
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound in the abdomen,
These and more I dress with impassive hand, (yet
deep in my breast a fire, a burning flame.)

4.

Thus in silence in dreams' projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way through the
hospitals,
The hurt and wounded I pacify with soothing hand,
I sit by the restless all the dark night, some are so
young,
Some suffer so much, I recall the experience sweet and
sad,
(Many a soldier's loving arms about this neck have
cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these bearded lips.)

SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE.

(*Washington City*, 1865.)

SPIRIT whose work is done—spirit of dreadful
hours!

Ere departing fade from my eyes your forests of
bayonets;

Spirit of gloomiest fears and doubts, (yet onward ever
unfaltering pressing,)

Spirit of many a solemn day and many a savage scene
— electric spirit,

That with muttering voice through the war now closed,
like a tireless phantom flitted,

Rousing the land with breath of flame, while you beat
and beat the drum,

Now as the sound of the drum, hollow and harsh to
the last, reverberates round me,

As your ranks, your immortal ranks, return, return from
the battles,

As the muskets of the young men yet lean over their
shoulders,

As I look on the bayonets bristling over their should-
ers,

As those slanted bayonets, whole forests of them
appearing in the distance, approach and pass on,
returning homeward,

Moving with steady motion, swaying to and fro to the
right and left,

Evenly lightly rising and falling while the steps keep
time ;
Spirit of hours I knew, all hectic red one day, but pale
as death next day,
Touch my mouth ere you depart, press my lips close,
Leave me your pulses of rage — bequeath them to me
— fill me with currents convulsive,
Let them scorch and blister out of my chants when
you are gone,
Let them identify you to the future in these songs.

ASHES OF SOLDIERS.

ASHES of soldiers South or North,
As I muse retrospective murmuring a chant in
thought,

The war resumes, again to my sense your shapes,
And again the advance of the armies.

Noiseless as mists and vapors,
From their graves in the trenches ascending,
From cemeteries all through Virginia and Tennessee,
From every point of the compass out of the countless
graves,

In wafted clouds, in myriads large, or squads of twos
or threes or single ones they come,
And silently gather round me.

Now sound no note O trumpeters,
Not at the head of my cavalry parading on spirited
horses,

With sabres drawn and glistening, and carbines by
their thighs, (ah my brave horsemen !

My handsome tan-faced horsemen ! what life, what joy
and pride,

With all the perils were yours.)

Nor you drummers, neither at reveillé at dawn,
Nor the long roll alarming the camp, nor even the
muffled beat for a burial,

Nothing from you this time O drummers bearing my
warlike drums.

But aside from these and the marts of wealth and the
crowded promenade,
Admitting around me comrades close unseen by the
rest and voiceless,
The slain elate and alive again, the dust and debris
alive,
I chant this chant of my silent soul in the name of all
dead soldiers.

Faces so pale with wondrous eyes, very dear, gather
closer yet,
Draw close, but speak not.

Phantoms of countless lost,
Invisible to the rest henceforth become my companions,
Follow me ever — desert me not while I live.

Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the living — sweet
are the musical voices sounding,
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead with their silent eyes.

Dearest comrades, all is over and long gone,
But love is not over — and what love, O comrades !
Perfume from battle-fields rising, up from the fætor
arising.

Perfume therefore my chant, O love, immortal love,
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers,
Shroud them, embalm them, cover them all over with
tender pride.

Perfume all — make all wholesome,
Make these ashes to nourish and blossom,
O love, solve all, fructify all with the last chemistry.

Give me exhaustless, make me a fountain,
That I exhale love from me wherever I go like a moist
perennial dew,
For the ashes of all dead soldiers South or North.

PENSIVE ON HER DEAD GAZING.

PENSIVE on her dead gazing I heard the Mother of
All,
Desperate on the torn bodies, on the forms covering
the battle-fields gazing,
(As the last gun ceased, but the scent of the powder-
smoke linger'd,)
As she call'd to her earth with mournful voice while
she stalk'd,
Absorb them well O my earth, she cried, I charge you
lose not my sons, lose not an atom,
And you streams absorb them well, taking their dear
blood,
And you local spots, and you airs that swim above
lightly impalpable,
And all you essences of soil and growth, and you my
rivers' depths,
And you mountain sides, and the woods where my
dear children's blood trickling redden'd,
And you trees down in your roots to bequeath to all
future trees,
My dead absorb or South or North — my young men's
bodies absorb, and their precious precious blood,
Which holding in trust for me faithfully back again
give me many a year hence,
In unseen essence and odor of surface and grass, cen-
turies hence,

In blowing airs from the fields back again give me my
darlings, give my immortal heroes,
Exhale me them centuries hence, breathe me their
breath, let not an atom be lost,
O years and graves! O air and soil! O my dead, an
aroma sweet!
Exhale them perennial sweet death, years, centuries
hence.

CAMPS OF GREEN.

Not alone those camps of white, old comrades of
the wars,
When as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens we halt
for the night,
Some of us so fatigued carrying the gun and knapsack,
dropping asleep in our tracks,
Others pitching the little tents, and the fires lit up
begin to sparkle,
Outposts of pickets posted surrounding alert through
the dark,
And a word provided for countersign, careful for
safety,
Till to the call of the drummers at daybreak loudly
beating the drums,
We rise up refresh'd, the night and sleep pass'd over,
and resume our journey,
Or proceed to battle.

Lo, the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling, and the days of
war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd forward? is it
too only halting awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)

Now in those camps of green, in their tents dotting
the world,

In the parents, children, husbands, wives, in them, in
the old and young,

Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moon-
light, content and silent there at last,

Behold the mighty bivouac-field and waiting-camp of
all,

Of the corps and generals all, and the President over
the corps and generals all,

And of each of us O soldiers, and of each and all in
the ranks we fought,

(There without hatred we all, all meet.)

For presently O soldiers, we too camp in our place in
the bivouac-camps of green,

But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for
the countersign,

Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.



The Bibelot

SOME five years ago, speaking with a knowledge of what the heart and brain of the poet promised for future work, one of Richard Hovey's intimate friends publicly ventured the prediction that in twenty-five years his name would be counted as one of the three chief names in American poetry. Only a few months later, the poet's death at the early age of thirty-five interrupted his work, leaving an edifice of verse half finished,¹ which yet

¹ The list of Hovey's books is as follows :

(1) *Poems, wrappers*, 1880; (2) *The Laurel: An Ode to Mary Day Lanier, wrappers*, 1889, [both of the foregoing privately printed]; (3) *Launcelot and Guenevere, A poem in Dramas*, 1891, [containing *The Quest of Merlin and The Marriage of Guenevere*]; (4) *Seaward, An Elegy upon the Death of Thomas William Parsons*, 1893; (5) *The Marriage of Guenevere, second edition*, 1895; (6) *Launcelot and Guenevere, A Poem in Dramas, published in four volumes uniform*, (I) *The Quest of Merlin, second edition*, 1898, (II) *The Marriage of Guenevere, third edition*, 1898, (III) *The Birth of Galahad*, 1898, (IV) *Taliesin*, 1900; (7) *Along the Trail*, 1899, second edition 1900, third edition 1903.

In joint authorship with Bliss Carman :

(8) *Songs from Vagabondia, seven editions*,

shows such consistent and steady development in power and technique that, could the same progress have continued, the daring prediction might have been justified.

The work he has left, slender and incomplete as it is, must certainly entitle him to very serious consideration as a poet, and while a larger body of his maturer work might have made his position in American letters a more commanding one, it is an open question whether he could ever have achieved more perfect poetry than some of the verse which he had already written. With only four dramas completed, out of a projected series of nine, in his *Launcelot* and *Guenevere*, Hovey himself expressed doubt whether he would ever be able to write anything to surpass *Taliesin* and although his juvenilia were as bad as those of most writers it is doubtful if, at the time of his death, any one except Poe among the American poets had surpassed him in those specially poetic qualities which produce magic and charm and cadence in verse.

From Poe to Whitman would seem a far cry in the matter of poetic qualities, and yet Hovey seems in many ways to show kinship

1894-1903; (9) *More Songs from Vagabondia*, five editions, 1896-1903; (10) *Last Songs from Vagabondia*, three editions, 1900-1903.

with each of these most dissimilar but pre-eminently great masters. His personality was like that of *Whitman* in many ways. He had the same love and complete acceptance of Nature, knowing the full joy of physical life,—"the glory of living, exultant to be." He had the same confident and imperturbable optimism and the same large sanity in religion. He knew that

" . . . the end is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling."

He knew as well as *Whitman* what true comradeship signified and his *Vagabondia* was akin to *Whitman's* mood when he "loafed and invited his soul." He comprehended the purport of *Whitman's* revolt from the fetters of formal metre and he wrote much in vers libre, but, with a delicacy of poetic sense which is like to that of *Poe*, he added the melody of rhyme without in any way hampering the power of the free metre. And surely his technical skill in the most exact rhythms and the pure lyric quality in his work shows a decided kinship to the poetic nature of that one matchless name in our literature.

In the present group of selections no attempt has been made to include any speci-

mens of his purely dramatic poetry, although in his lyrics and even in his sonnets the dramatic quality is not absent. It is believed, however, that the poems which follow, selected from Along the Trail and the three volumes of Songs from Vagabondia, few as they are, will give some idea of the breadth and versatility of his powers and suffice to indicate something of the nature of this "the most serious of our younger American poets" of whom Mr. Stedman has written "this work of his ² is sheer poetry or nothing — the proof of an ear and a voice which it seems ill to have lost just at the moment of their complete training."

LAURENS MAYNARD.

² *Taliesin, A Masque.*



FOR OCTOBER :

BALLADES

By

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

ALONG THE TRAIL
Lyrics from
THE POEMS OF RICHARD HOVEY.

*Asking nothing, revealing naught,
But minting his words from a fund of thought,*

*A keeper of silence eloquent,
Needy, yet royally well content,*

*Of the mettled breed, yet abhorring strife,
And full of the mellow juice of life,*

*A taster of wine, with an eye for a maid,
Never too bold, and never afraid,*

*Never heart-whole, never heart-sick,
(These are the things I worship in Dick)*

*No fidget and no reformer, just
A calm observer of ought and must,*

*A lover of books, but a reader of man,
No cynic and no charlatan,*

*Who never defers and never demands,
But, smiling, takes the world in his hands,—*

*Seeing it good as when God first saw
And gave it the weight of his will for law.*

BLISS CARMAN.

“**R**ICHARD Hovey has the full technical equipment of the poet, and he has a poet's personality to express, a personality new and fresh, healthy and joyous, manly, vigorous, earnest. Added to this . . . he has the power of creating personality outside of himself, in a word, the dramatic power, which is essential to a broad poetic endowment. Even in his lyrics, . . . even in his sonnets, to some of which the new name, dramatic sonnets, might be applied, this power appears. It is true that his work is uneven; that he is sometimes carried away by opinion into regions where poetry cannot abide; that his rhythmic expression is sometimes too complex, unfamiliar, or irregular to appeal at once to a casual reader. But these faults—if they are faults, and not the examples or results of breadth of power—are unimportant beside his positive endowments and his positive personality. He is master of his art and master of life. He is the poet of joy and belief in life. He is the poet of comradeship and courage.”

CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE.

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THE MESSENGER.

(FOR THE PICTURE BY G. F. WATTS.)

STRONG angel of the peace of God,
Not wholly undivined thy mien;
Along the weary path I trod
Thou hast been with me though unseen.

My hopes have been a mad turmoil,
A clutch and conflict all my life,
The very craft I loved a toil,
And love itself a seed of strife.

But sometimes in a sudden hour
I have been great with Godlike calm,
As if thy tranquil world of power
Flowed in about me like a psalm.

And peace has fallen on my face,
And stillness on my struggling breath;
And, living, I have known a space
The hush and mastery of Death.

Stretch out thy hand upon me, thou
Who comest as the still night comes!
I have not flinched at buffets; now
Let Strife go by, with all his drums.

SPRING.

(Read at the Sixty-third Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich., May 7, 1896.)

I SAID in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing
nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles to-day,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

When I got to the woods, I found out
What the Spring was about,
With her gypsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south
With the wander-lure of witch songs in her mouth.
For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a lover's eye
As she went by ;
The air
Made love to all it touched, as if its care
Were all to spare ;
The earth
Prickled with lust of birth ;
The woodland streams
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of the chestnut trees
I heard
The sky and the fields and the thicket find voice in a bird.
The goldenwing — hark !
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air !
I thrill to his cry in the leafage there ;
I respond to the new life mounting under the bark.
I shall not be long

To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and swallow,
On the old trail.
Spring in the world!
And all things are made new!
There was never a mote that whirled
In the nebular morn,
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncurled —
Not the first that grew —
Nor a bee-flight hurled,
Nor a bird-note skirled,
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu, more thought-
less and certain and free,
More a-shout with the glee
Of the Unknown new-burst on the wonder, than here,
than here,
In the re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year —
Now, 'now,
When the greenlet sings on the red-bud bough
Where the blossoms are whispering "I and thou," —
"I and thou,"
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad with a dawn
on her brow,

And the world is just made — now !
Spring in the heart !
With her pinks and pearls and yellows !
Spring, fellows,
And we too feel the little green leaves a-start
Across the bare-twigged winter of the mart.
The campus is reborn in us to-day ;
The old grip stirs our hearts with new-old joy ;
Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday
The eternal boy.
For we have not come here for long debate
Nor taking counsel for our household order,
Howe'er we make a feint of serious things, —
For all the world as in affairs of state
A word goes out for war along the border
To further or defeat the loves of kings.
We put our house to rights from year to year,
But that is not the call that brings us here ;
We have come here to be glad.

*Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear !
Turn night-time into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer !
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.*

*When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then there's no wonder whether
— The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.*

*For we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air,
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.*

*For we know the world is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.*

A road runs east and a road runs west
From the table where we sing;
And the lure of the one is a roving quest,
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.

And the eastward road leads into the West
Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing gleam ;
And the westward road leads into the East,
Where the spirit from striving is released,
Where the soul like a child in God's arms lies
And forgets the lure of the butterflies.
And west is east, if you follow the trail to the end ;
And east is west, if you follow the trail to the end ;
And the East and the West in the spring of the world
shall blend
As a man and a woman that plight
Their troth in the warm spring night.
And the spring for the East is the sap in the heart of
a tree ;
And the spring for the West is the will in the wings of
a bird ;
But the spring for the East and the West alike shall be
An urge in their bones and an ache in their spirit, a
word
That shall knit them in one for Time's foison, once
they have heard.

And do I not hear
The first low stirring of that greater spring
Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic year ?
The wafture of scant violets presaging
The roses and the tasselled corn to be ;
A yearning in the roots of grass and tree ;

A swallow in the eaves ;
The hint of coming leaves ;
The signals of the summer coming up from Arcadie !

For surely in the blind deep-buried roots
Of all men's souls to-day
A secret quiver shoots.
An underground compulsion of new birth
Lays hold upon the dark core of our being,
And unborn blossoms urge their uncomprehended way
Toward the outer day.
Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,
The darkness in us is aware
Of something potent burning through the earth,
Of something vital in the procreant air.

Is it a spring, indeed ?
Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,
Only to sleep again ?
What warrant have we that we give not heed
To the caprices of an idle brain
That in its slumber deems
The world of slumber real as it seems ?
No, —
Spring 's not to be mistaken.
When her first far flute notes blow
Across the snow,

Bird, beast, and blossom know
That she is there,
The very bats awaken
That hang in clusters in Kentucky caves
All winter, breathless, motionless, asleep,
And feel no alteration of the air,
For all year long those vast caverns keep,
Winter and summer, even temperature;
And yet when April whistles on the hill,
Somehow, far in those subterranean naves,
They know, they hear her, they obey her will,
And wake and circle through the vaulted aisles
To find her in the open where she smiles.

So we are somehow sure,
By this dumb turmoil in the soul of man,
Of an impending something. When the stress
Climbs to fruition, we can only guess
What many-seeded harvest we shall scan;
But from one impulse, like a northering sun,
The innumerable outburst is begun,
And in that common sunlight all men know
A common ecstasy
And feel themselves at one.
The comradeship of joy and mystery
Thrills us more vitally as we arouse,
And we shall find our new day intimate
Beyond the guess of any long ago.

Doubting or elate,
With agony or triumph on our brows,
We shall not fail to be
Better comrades than before ;
For no new sense puts forth in us but we
Enter our fellows' lives thereby the more.

And three great spirits with the spirit of man
Go forth to do his bidding. One is free,
And one is shackled, and the third, unbound,
Halts yet a little with a broken chain
Of antique workmanship, not wholly loosed,
That dangles and impedes his forthright way.
Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The wonder-worker, Science, with his wand,
Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And Art with wide imaginative wings
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his lord
Into the strange heart of that alien world
Till he shall live in it as in himself
And know its longing as he knows his own.
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,
Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act
Those other twain, man's right hand and his left.

For all the bonds shall be broken and rent in sunder,
And the soul of man go free
Forth with those three
Into the lands of wonder ;
Like some undaunted youth,
Afield in quest of truth,
Rejoicing in the road he journeys on
As much as in the hope of journey done.
And the road runs east, and the road runs west,
That his vagrant feet explore ;
And he knows no haste and he knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the miles he trod before ;
And his heart leaps high in the nascent year
When he sees the purple buds appear :
For he knows, though the great black frost may blight
The hope of May in a single night,
That the spring, though it shrink back under the bark,
But bides its time somewhere in the dark —
Though it come not now to its blossoming,
By the thrill in his heart he knows the spring ;
And the promise it makes perchance too soon,
It shall keep with its roses yet in June ;
For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

THE FAUN.

(A FANTASY OF THE WASHINGTON WOODLANDS.)

I WILL go out to grass with that old King,
For I am weary of clothes and cooks.
I long to paddle with the throats of brooks,
To lie down with the clover
Tickling me all over,
And watch the boughs above me sway and swing.
Come, I will pluck off custom's livery,
Nor longer be a lackey to old Time.
Time shall serve me, and at my feet shall fling
The spoil of listless minutes. I shall climb
The wild trees for my food, and run
Through dale and upland as a fox runs free,
Laugh for cool joy and sleep i' the warm sun,—
And men will call me mad, like that old King.

For I am woodland-natur'd, and have made
Dryads my bedfellows,
And I have played
With the sleek Naiads in the splash of pools
And made a mock of gowned and trousered fools.
And I am half Faun now, and my heart goes
Out to the forest and the crack of twigs,
The drip of wet leaves, and the low soft laughter
Of brooks that chuckle o'er old mossy jests

And say them over to themselves, the nests
Of squirrels, and the holes the chipmunk digs,
Where through the branches the slant rays
Dapple with sunlight the leaf-matted ground,
And th' wind comes with blown vesture rustling after,
And through the woven lattice of crisp sound
A bird's song lightens like a maiden's face.

O wildwood Helen, let them strive and fret,
Those goggled men with their dissecting knives !
Let them in charnel-houses pass their lives
And seek in death life's secret ! And let
Those hard-faced worldlings, prematurely old,
Gnaw their thin lips with vain desire to get
Portia's fair fame or Lesbia's carcanet,
Or crown of Cæsar or Catullus,
Apicius' lampreys or Crassus' gold !
For these consider many things — but yet
By land nor sea
They shall not find the way to Arcadie,
The old home of the awful heart-dear Mother,
Whereto child-dreams and long remembering lull us,
Far from the cares that overlay and smother
The memories of old woodland outdoor mirth
In the dim first life-burst centuries ago,
The sense of the freedom and nearness of Earth —
Nay, this they shall not know ;
For who goes thither

Leaves all the cark and clutch of his soul behind,
The doves defiled and the serpents shrined,
The hates that wax and the hopes that wither ;
Nor does he journey, seeking where it be,
But wakes and finds himself in Arcadie.

Hist ! there 's a stir in the brush.
Was it a face through the leaves ?
Back of the laurels a scurry and rush
Hillward, then silence, except for the thrush
That throws one song from the dark of the bush
And is gone ; and I plunge in the wood, and the swift
soul cleaves
Through the swirl and the flow of the leaves,
As a swimmer stands with his white limbs bare to the
sun
For the space that a breath is held, and drops in the
sea ;
And the undulant woodland folds round me, intimate,
fluctuant, free,
Like the clasp and the cling of waters, and the reach
and the effort is done ; —
There is only the glory of living, exultant to be.

Oh, goodly damp smell of the ground !
Oh, rough sweet bark of the trees !
Oh, clear sharp cracklings of sound !
Oh, life that 's a-thrill and a-bound

With the vigor of boyhood and morning and the
noontide's rapture of ease!

Was there ever a weary heart in the world?

A lag in the body's urge, or a flag of the spirit's
wings?

Did a man's heart ever break

For a lost hope's sake?

For here there is lilt in the quiet and calm in the
quiver of things.

Ay, this old oak, grey-grown and knurled,

Solemn and sturdy and big,

Is as young of heart, as alert and elate in his rest,

As the oriole there that clings to the tip of the twig

And scolds at the wind that it buffets too rudely his
nest.

Hear! hear! hear!

Listen! the word

Of the mocking-bird!

Hear! hear! hear!

I will make all clear;

I will let you know

Where the footfalls go

That through the thicket and over the hill

Allure, allure.

How the bird-voice cleaves

Through the weft of leaves

With a leap and a thrill

Like the flash of the weaver's shuttle, swift and
sudden and sure !

And lo, he is gone — even while I turn
The wisdom of his runes to learn.
He knows the mystery of the wood,
The secret of the solitude ;
But he will not tell, he will not tell
— For all he promises so well.

Oh, what is it breathes in the air ?
Oh, what is it touches my cheek ?
There 's a sense of a presence that lurks in the
branches. But where ?
Is it far, is it far to seek ?

Brother, lost brother !
Thou of mine ancient kin !
Thou of the swift will that no ponderings smother !
The dumb life in me fumbles out to the shade
Thou lurkest in.
In vain — evasive ever through the glade
Departing footsteps fail ;
And only where the grasses have been pressed
Or by snapt twigs I follow a fruitless trail.
So — give o'er the quest !
Sprawl on the roots and moss !
Let the lithe garter squirm across my throat !
Let the slow clouds and leaves above me float
Into mine eyeballs and across, —

Nor think them further! Lo, the marvel! now,
Thou whom my soul desireth, even thou
Sprawl'st by my side, who fled'st at my pursuit.
I hear thy fluting; at my shoulder there
I see the sharp ears through the tangled hair,
And birds and bunnies at thy music mute.

Cool! cool! cool!

Cool and sweet

The feel of the moss at my feet!

And sweet and cool

The touch of the wind, of the wind!

Cool wind out of the blue,

At the touch of you

A little wave crinkles and flows

All over me down to my toes.

"Coo-loo! Coo-loo!"

Hear the doves in the tree tops croon!

"Coo-loo! Coo-loo!"

Love comes soon.

"June! June!"

The veery sings,

Sings and sings,

"June! June!"

A pretty tune!

Wind with your weight of perfume,

Bring me the bluebells' bloom!

BARNEY MCGEE

BARNEY MCGEE, there's no end of good luck in you,
Will-o'-the-wisp, with a flicker of Puck in you,
Wild as a bull-pup and all of his pluck in you, —
Let a man tread on your coat and he'll see! —
Eyes like the lakes of Killarney for clarity,
Nose that turns up without any vulgarity,
Smile like a cherub, and hair that is carrotty, —
Wow, you're a rarity, Barney McGee!
Mellow as Tarragon,
Prouder than Aragon —
Hardly a paragon,
You will agree —
Here's all that's fine to you!
Books and old wine to you!
Girls be divine to you,
Barney McGee!

Lucky the day when I met you unwittingly,
Dining where vagabonds came and went flittingly.
Here's some *Barbera* to drink it befittingly,
That day at *Silvio's*, Barney McGee!
Many's the time we have quaffed our Chianti there.
Listened to Silvio quoting us Dante there, —
Once more to drink *Nebiolo spumante* there,
How we'd pitch Pommery into the sea!
There where the gang of us

Met ere Rome rang of us,
They had the hang of us
To a degree.
How they would trust to you !
That was but just to you.
Here 's o'er their dust to you,
Barney McGee !

Barney McGee, when you 're sober you scintillate,
But when you 're in drink you 're the pride of the
intellect ;
Divil a one of us ever came in till late,
Once at the bar where you happened to be —
Every eye there like a spoke in you centering,
You with your eloquence, blarney, and bantering —
All Vagabondia shouts at your entering,
King of the Tenderloin, Barney McGee !
There 's no satiety
In your society
With the variety
Of your *esprit*.
Here 's a long purse to you,
And a great thirst to you !
Fate be no worse to you,
Barney McGee !

Och, and the girls whose poor hearts you deracinate,
Whirl and bewilder and flutter and fascinate !

Faith, it 's so killing you are, you assassinate, —
Murder 's the word for you, Barney McGee!
Bold when they 're sunny and smooth when they 're
showery, —
Oh, but the style of you, fluent and flowery!
Chesterfield's way, with a touch of the Bowery!
How would they silence you, Barney *machree*?
Naught can your gab allay,
Learned as Rabelais
(You in his abbey lay
Once on the spree).
Here 's to the smile of you,
(Oh, but the guile of you !)
And a long while of you,
Barney McGee!

Facile with phrases of length and Latinity,
Like *honorificabilitudinitas*,
Where is the maid could resist your vicinity,
Wiled by the impudent grace of your plea?
Then your vivacity and pertinacity
Carry the day with the devil's audacity;
No mere veracity robs your sagacity
Of perspicacity, Barney McGee.
When all is new to them,
What will you do to them?
Will you be true to them?
Who shall decree?

Here 's a fair strife to you!
Health and long life to you!
And a great wife to you,
Barney McGee!

Barney McGee, you 're the pick of gentility;
Nothing can phase you, you 've such a facility;
Nobody ever yet found your utility, —
That is the charm of you, Barney McGee;
Under conditions that others would stammer in,
Still unperturbed as a cat or a Cameron,
Polished as somebody in the Decameron,
Putting the glamour on prince or Pawnee!
In your meanderin',
Love, and philanderin',
Calm as a mandarin
Sipping his tea!
Under the art of you,
Parcel and part of you,
Here 's to the heart of you,
Barney McGee!

You who were ever alert to befriend a man,
You who were ever the first to defend a man,
You who had always the money to lend a man,
Down on his luck and hard up for a V!
Sure, you 'll be playing a harp in beatitude
(And a quare sight you will be in that attitude) —

Some day, where gratitude seems but a platitude,
You 'll find your latitude, Barney McGee.
That 's no flim-flam at all,
Frivol or sham at all,
Just the plain — Damn it all,
Have one with me !
Here 's luck and more to you !
Friends by the score to you,
True to the core to you,
Barney McGee !

A TOAST.

HERE'S a health to thee, Roberts,
And here's a health to me;
And here's to all the pretty girls
From Denver to the sea!

Here's to mine and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it!
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here are we to drink it.

Wine that maketh glad the heart
Of the bully boy!
Here's the toast that we love most,
"Love and song and joy!"

Song that is the flower of love,
And joy that is the fruit!
Here's the love of woman, lad,
And here's our love to boot!

You and I are far too wise
Not to fill our glasses.
Here's to me and here's to thee,
And here's to all the lasses!

AT THE CROSSROADS.

YOU to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever —
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here 's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

We have striven fair in love and war,
But the wheel was always weighted;
We have lost the prize that we struggled for,
We have won the prize that was fated.
We have met our loss with a smile and a song,
And our gains with a wink and a whistle, —
For, whether we 're right or whether we 're wrong,
There 's a rose for every thistle.
Here 's luck —
And a drop to wet your whistle!

Whether we win or whether we lose
With the hands that life is dealing,
It is not we nor the ways we choose
But the fall of the cards that 's sealing.

There's a fate in love and a fate in fight,
And the best of us all go under —
And whether we're wrong or whether we're right,
We win, sometimes, to our wonder,
Here's luck —
That we may not yet go under!

With a steady swing and an open brow
We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the crossroads now
In the Fiend's own night for weather;
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
And the dark of Fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
(For the end is past our knowing),
Here's two frank hearts and the open sky,
Be a fair or an ill wind blowing!
Here's luck!
In the teeth of all winds blowing.

LAURANA'S SONG.

(FOR "A LADY OF VENICE.")

WHO 'LL have the crumpled pieces of a heart ?
Let him take mine !
Who 'll give his whole of passion for a part,
And call 't divine ?
Who 'll have the soiled remainder of desire !
Who 'll warm his fingers at a burnt-out fire ?
Who 'll drink the lees of love and cast i' the mire
The nobler wine ?

Let him come here, and kiss me on the mouth,
And have his will !
Love dead and dry as summer in the South
Where winds are still
And all the leafage shrivels in the heat !
Let him come here and linger at my feet
Till he grow weary with the over-sweet,
And die, or kill.

WORLD AND POET.

“**S**ING to us, Poet, for our hearts are broken ;
Sing us a song of happy, happy love,
Sing of the joy that words leave all unspoken,—
The lilt and laughter of life, oh sing thereof !
Oh, sing of life, for we are sick and dying ;
Oh, sing of joy, for all our joy is dead ;
Oh, sing of laughter, for we know but sighing ;
Oh, sing of kissing, for we kill instead !”
How should he sing of happy love, I pray,
Who drank love's cup of anguish long ago ?
How should he sing of life and joy and day,
Who whispers Death to end his night of woe ?
And yet the Poet took his lyre and sang,
Till all the dales with happy echoes rang.

FAITH AND FATE.

To horse, my dear, and out into the night !
Stirrup and saddle and away, away !
Into the darkness, into the affright,
Into the unknown on our trackless way !
Past bridge and town missiled with flying feet,
Into the wilderness our riding thrills ;
The gallop echoes through the startled street,
And shrieks like laughter in the demoned hills ;
Things come to meet us with fantastic frown,
And hurry past with maniac despair ;
Death from the stars looks ominously down —
Ho, ho, the dauntless riding that we dare !
East, to the dawn, or west or south or north !
Loose rein upon the neck of Fate — and forth !

AFTER BUSINESS HOURS.

WHEN I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day,
The scrape of petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone ;
When thou and I sit down at last alone,
And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone, —
Oh, then our souls, far in the vast of sky,
Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
Where the great^t vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

FORGIVEN.

“**D**ESPISE me if you will. I have done you wrong, —
Most grievous wrong, — but not the wrong
you think.

You deemed me strongest where I was not strong,
And martyr where a scratch would make me shrink.
Nor, false for truth's sake though I wrest my role,

Am I one half so false as I am true;
And mine own truth has throttled my proud soul
And cast it prostrate at the feet of you.

I am most humble; but my heart cries out
For one last grace from you before we part;
— Though it give pain, to hear my tale throughout
And — not forgive — but understand my heart.

Therefore I bare my soul to you and tell
The utter truth, though speaking so I seem
But a reiterate anguish to compel,

That in condemning you may not condemn
You know not what, but me, me, me!” — The whole
I told then, act and impulse; I kept not
Aught back that might reveal me to her soul:
And she forgave, — but understand no jot.

THE OPEN DOOR.

LOVE me, love me not, —
What is that to me?
I have not forgot
When we two were three.

She who loved us twain
Well enough to die, —
Can we love again
While her ghost stands by?

Love me, love me not, —
I can love no more,
For the empty cot
And the open door.

UNFORESEEN.

WHY did I kiss you, sweet?
Nor you nor I can say.
You might have said some commonplace,
I might have turned away.

No thought was in our hearts
Of what we were to be.
Fate sent a madness on our souls
And swept us out to sea.

Fate, between breath and breath,
Has made the world anew,
And the bare skies of yesterday
Are all aflame with you.

THE SEA GYPSY.

I AM fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There 's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow!
With the sunset I must be
Hull down on the trail of rapture
In the wonder of the sea.

*. . . Night on the hills !
And the ancient stars emerge.
The silence of their mighty distances
Compels the world to peace. Now sinks the surge
Of life to a soft stir of mountain rills,
And over the swarm and urge
Of eager men sleep falls and darkling ease.*

*Night on the hills !
Dark mother-Night, draw near ;
Lay hands on us and whisper words of cheer
So softly, oh, so softly ! Now may we
Be each as one that leaves his midnight task
And throws his casement open ; and the air
Comes up across the lowlands from the Sea
And cools his temples, as a maid might ask
With shy caress what speech would never dare ;
And he leans back to her demure desires,
And as a dream sees far below
The city with its lights aglow
And blesses in his heart his brothers there ;
Then toward the eternal stars again aspires.*



The Bibelot

IT is not difficult to accept the critical dictum that in many of the ballades of William Ernest Henley we reach the high-water mark of what presently became a low-water level of poetic inefficiency in later attempts to resuscitate the archaic verse-forms of an older and forgotten day. Thereafter the tide ebbed once and forever. For such exotics known as Ballades, Rondeaux, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles, &c.¹ there was to be "no second spring." The single volume which thus embalmed these out-croppings of the imitative muse has apparently sufficed the demand up to the present time. As Mr. Arthur Symons some while ago wittily pointed out² : "It was a collection of all the tolera-

¹ We have already referred to this anthology see foreword to *THE BIBELOTT*, Vol. VIII, p. 1), which for collectors of Henley's verse is a treasureable little volume containing as it does many pieces never reprinted; Villon's Straight Tip to All Cross Coves and Culture in the Slums being two unique specimens of their kind—forerunners so to speak of what in 1898 was distilled into the brief sonnet-sequence entitled *London Types*.

² See *Studies in Two Literatures*, (London, 1897,) pp. 186, 187.

ble work in French forms that could be found in English and American literature, and its consequence (for our salvation) was such an indigestion of ingenuity that scarcely a ballade, scarcely a rondeau, has seen the light since its publication."

But these things granted, and, be it said, we grant them without regret, there survives in Henley's best ballades—notably in the trio *Of Youth and Age, Of Dead Actors and Of Life and Fate*—an enduring quality born and bred of fundamental brain-work: that inescapable thing which is *Art* and which, in Dobson and Lang, Edmund Gosse and John Payne, alone of the many gracious gifts of the gods to man, "enduring stays to us." In after days we shall discover no more of such-like "ballades and verses vain" in our poet's work. For him forsooth how soon the song ended in silence! May we not say, as we sum up his lyric gifts, even as himself once said of a brother poet, that *William Ernest Henley*

"Left the world a high-piled, golden drift
Of verse: to grow more golden with the years,
Till the Great Silence fallen upon his ways
Break into song, and he that had Love have Praise."

BALLADES

By

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

*Since those we love and those we hate,
With all things mean and all things great,
Pass in a desperate disarray
Over the hills and far away :*

*It must be, Dear, that, late or soon,
Out of the ken of the watching moon,
We shall abscond with Yesterday
Over the hills and far away.*

*What does it matter? As I deem,
We shall but follow as brave a dream
As ever smiled a wanton May
Over the hills and far away.*

*We shall remember, and, in pride,
Fare forth, fulfilled and satisfied,
Into the land of Ever-and-Aye,
Over the hills and far away.*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

BALLADE
OF A TOYOKUNI COLOUR-PRINT.

TO W. A.

WAS I a Samurai renowned,
Two-sworded, fierce, immense of bow?
A histrion angular and profound?
A priest? a porter? — Child, although
I have forgotten clean, I know
That in the shade of Fujisan,
What time the cherry-orchards blow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

As here you loiter, flowing-gowned
And hugely sashed, with pins a-row
Your quaint head as with flamelets crowned,
Demure, inviting — even so,
When merry maids in Miyako
To feel the sweet o' the year began,
And green gardens to overflow,
I loved you once in old Japan.

Clear shine the hills; the rice-fields round
Two cranes are circling; sleepy and slow,
A blue canal the lake's blue bound
Breaks at the bamboo bridge; and lo!
Touched with the sundown's spirit and glow,
I see you turn, with flirted fan,

Against the plum-tree's bloomy snow. . .
I loved you once in old Japan !

ENVOY.

Dear, 'twas a dozen lives ago ;
But that I was a lucky man
The Toyokuni here will show :
I loved you — once — in old Japan.

BALLADE
(DOUBLE REFRAIN)
OF YOUTH AND AGE.

TO T. E. B.

SPRING at her height on a morn at prime,
Sails that laugh from a flying squall,
Pomp of harmony, rapture of rhyme —
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
Winter sunsets and leaves that fall,
An empty flagon, a folded page,
A tumble-down wheel, a tattered ball —
These are a type of the world of Age.

Bells that clash in a gaudy chime,
Swords that clatter in onsets tall,
The words that ring and the fames that climb —
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
Hymnals old in a dusty stall,
A bald, blind bird in a crazy cage,
The scene of a faded festival —
These are a type of the world of Age.

Hours that strut as the heirs of time,
Deeds whose rumour's a clarion-call,
Songs where the singers their souls sublime —
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.

A staff that rests in a nook of wall,
A reeling battle, a rusted gage,
The chant of a nearing funeral —
These are a type of the world of Age.

ENVOY.

Struggle and turmoil, revel and brawl —
Youth is the sign of them, one and all.
A smouldering hearth and a silent stage —
These are a type of the world of Age.

BALLADE
OF RAIN.

TO H. W.

A SOMBRE, sagging sky
Of tossed and tumbled wrack
And ragged clouds, that lie
To meet the wind's attack,
Or march in columns black
And serried; then a still,
A feverish kind of thrill;
And whispering in the leaves,
And pattering on the pane,
It falls, in very sheaves,
The weary, dreary rain.

The summer seems to sigh,
As she were flouted back.
The grasses rot and die,
The corn begins to crack.
The flowers would like to pack,
It's all so dank and chill,
Discomfortable and shrill.
While, flickering from the eaves,
And gurgling down the drain,
The sodden world receives
The weary, dreary rain.

The big trees, broad and high,
Grow thick and blurred and slack.
The birds, too dull to fly,
Brood dismal, and the track
Shines. If a sudden quack
Sound from the ducks that swill,
The damp hush takes it ill.
But ever and on it weaves
Its rhythms with might and main,
And all its will achieves,
The weary, dreary rain.

ENVOY.

It lapses not: it cleaves
A way to heart and brain;
It dins, it duns, it deaves,
It worries and wastes and grieves,
The weary, dreary rain.

BALLADE
OF ANTIQUE DANCES.

TO A. D.

BEFORE the town had lost its wits,
And scared the bravery from its beaux,
When money-grubs were merely cits,
And verse was crisp and clear as prose,
Ere Chloë and Strephon came to blows
For votes, degrees, and cigarettes,
The world rejoiced to point its toes
In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.

The solemn fiddlers touch their kits;
The tinkling clavichord o'erflows
With contrapuntal quirks and hits;
And, with all measure and repose,
Through figures grave as royal shows,
With noble airs and pirouettes,
They move, to rhythms HANDEL knows,
In Gigue, Gavotte, and Minuets.

O Fans and Swords, O Sacques and Mits,
That was the better part you chose!
You know not how those gamesome chits
Waltz, Polka, and Schottische, arose,
Nor how Quadrille — a kind of doze
In time and tune — the dance besets;

You aired your fashion to the close
In Gigue, Gavottes, and Minuets.

ENVOY.

Muse of the many-twinkling hose,
TERPSICHOE, O teach your pets
The charm that shines, the grace that glows
In Gigue, Gavottes, and Minuets.

BALLADE
OF SPRING MUSIC.

TO W. H. P.

SOUNDS of waking, sounds of growing
Seem the living air to fill.
Hark! the echoes are yeo-hoing
Valiantly from vale and hill!
Nature's voices, moving still
In a larger, lustier swing,
Work together with a will.
'Tis the symphony of Spring!

Showers are singing, clouds are flowing,
Ocean thunders, croons the rill.
Hark! the West his clarion's blowing!
Hark! the thrush is fluting shrill,
And the blackbird tries his trill,
And the skylark soars to sing!
Even the sparrow tunes his quill.
'Tis the symphony of Spring!

Lambs are bleating, steers are lowing,
Brisk and rhythmic clacks the mill.
Kapellmeister April, glowing
And superb with glee and skill,
Comes, his orchestra to drill
In a music that will ring

Till the gray world yearn and thrill :
'Tis the symphony of Spring !

ENVOY.

Princes, though your blood be chill,
Here 's shall make you leap and fling,
Fling and leap like Jack and Jill !
'Tis the symphony of Spring.

BALLADE

(DOUBLE REFRAIN)

OF MIDSUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS.

TO W. H.

WITH a ripple of leaves and a tinkle of streams
The full world rolls in a rhythm of praise,
And the winds are one with the clouds and beams —
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!
The dusk grows vast; in a purple haze,
While the West from a rapture of sunset rights,
Faint stars their exquisite lamps upraise —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

The wood's green heart is a nest of dreams,
The lush grass thickens and springs and sways,
The rathe wheat rustles, the landscape gleams —
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!
In the stilly fields, in the stilly ways,
All secret shadows and mystic lights,
Late lovers murmur and linger and gaze —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

There 's a music of bells from the trampling teams,
Wild skylarks hover, the gorses blaze,
The rich, ripe rose as with incense steams —
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!

A soul from the honeysuckle strays,
And the nightingale as from prophet heights
Sings to the Earth of her million Mays —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

ENVOY.

And it 's O, for my dear and the charm that stays —
Midsummer days! Midsummer days!
It 's O, for my Love and the dark that plights —
Midsummer nights! O midsummer nights!

BALLADE
OF DEAD ACTORS.

TO E. J. H.

WHERE are the passions they essayed,
And where the tears they made to flow?
Where the wild humours they portrayed
For laughing worlds to see and know?
Othello's wrath and Juliet's woe?
Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall?
And Millamant and Romeo?
Into the night go one and all.

Where are the braveries, fresh or frayed?
The plumes, the armours — friend and foe?
The cloth of gold, the rare brocade,
The mantles glittering to and fro?
The pomp, the pride, the royal show?
The cries of war and festival?
The youth, the grace, the charm, the glow?
Into the night go one and all.

The curtain falls, the play is played:
The Beggar packs beside the Beau;
The Monarch troops, and troops the Maid;
The Thunder huddles with the Snow.
Where are the revellers high and low?
The clashing swords? The lover's call?

The dancers gleaming row on row?
Into the night go one and all.

ENVOY.

— Prince, in one common overthrow
The Hero tumbles with the Thrall :
As dust that drives, as straws that blow,
Into the night go one and all.

DOUBLE BALLADE
OF LIFE AND FATE.

F^OOLS may pine, and sots may swill,
Cynics gibe, and prophets rail,
Moralists may scourge and drill,
Preachers prose, and fainthearts quail.
Let them whine, or threat, or wail !
Till the touch of Circumstance
Down to darkness sink the scale,
Fate 's a fiddler, Life 's a dance.

What if skies be wan and chill ?
What if winds be harsh and stale ?
Presently the east will thrill,
And the sad and shrunken sail,
Bellying with a kindly gale,
Bear you sunwards, while your chance
Sends you back the hopeful hail : —
' Fate 's a fiddler, Life 's a dance.'

Idle shot or coming bill,
Hapless love or broken bail,
Gulp it (never chew your pill !),
And, if Burgundy should fail,
Try the humbler pot of ale !
Over all is heaven's expanse.
Gold 's to find among the shale.
Fate 's a fiddler, Life 's a dance.

Dull Sir Joskin sleeps his fill,
Good Sir Galahad seeks the Grail,
Proud Sir Pertinax flaunts his frill,
Hard Sir Æger dints his mail;
And the while by hill and dale
Tristram's braveries gleam and glance,
And his blithe horn tells its tale :—
'Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.'

Araminta's grand and shrill,
Delia's passionate and frail,
Doris drives an earnest quill,
Athanasia takes the veil :
Wiser Phyllis o'er her pail,
At the heart of all romance
Reading, sings to Strephon's flail :—
'Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.'

Every Jack must have his Jill,
(Even Johnson had his Thrale !) :
Forward, couples— with a will !
This, the world, is not a jail.
Hear the music, sprat and whale !
Hands across, retire, advance !
Though the doomsman's on your trail,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance.

ENVOY.

Boys and girls, at slug and snail
And their kindred look askance.
Pay your footing on the nail :
Fate 's a fiddler, Life 's a dance.

BALLADE
OF TRUISMS.

GOLD or silver every day,
Dies to gray.
There are knots in every skein.
Hours of work and hours of play
Fade away
Into one immense Inane.
Shadow and substance, chaff and grain,
Are as vain
As the foam or as the spray.
Life goes crooning, faint and fain,
One refrain —
'If it could be always May!'

Though the earth be green and gay,
Though, they say,
Man the cup of heaven may drain;
Though, his little world to sway,
He display
Hoard on hoard of pith and brain:
Autumn brings a mist and rain
That constrain
Him and his to know decay,
Where undimmed the lights that wane
Would remain,
If it could be always May.

Yea, alas, must turn to *Nay*,
Flesh to clay.
Chance and Time are ever twain.
Men may scoff, and men may pray,
But they pay
Every pleasure with a pain.
Life may soar, and Fortune deign
To explain
Where her prizes hide and stay ;
But we lack the lusty train
We should gain,
If it could be always May.

ENVOY.

Time, the pedagogue, his cane
Might retain,
But his charges all would stray
Truanting in every lane —
Jack with Jane —
If it could be always May.

DOUBLE BALLADE OF
THE NOTHINGNESS
OF THINGS.

THE big teetotum twirls,
And epochs wax and wane
As chance subsides or swirls;
But of the loss and gain
The sum is always plain.
Read on the mighty pall,
The weed of funeral
That covers praise and blame,
The -isms and the -anities,
Magnificence and shame: —
'O Vanity of Vanities!'

The Fates are subtile girls!
They give us chaff for grain.
And Time, the Thunderer, hurls,
Like bolted death, disdain
At all that heart and brain
Conceive, or great or small,
Upon this earthly ball.
Would you be knight and dame?
Or woo the sweet humanities?
Or illustrate a name?
O Vanity of Vanities!

We sound the sea for pearls,
Or drown them in a drain ;
We flute it with the merles,
Or tug and sweat and strain ;
We grovel, or we reign ;
We saunter, or we brawl ;
We answer, or we call ;
We search the stars for Fame,
Or sink her subterrannies ;
The legend 's still the same : —
' O Vanity of Vanities ! '

Here at the wine one birls,
There some one clanks a chain.
The flag that this man furls
That man to float is fain.
Pleasure gives place to pain :
These in the kennel crawl,
While others take the wall.
She has a glorious aim,
He lives for the inanities.
What comes of every claim ?
O Vanity of Vanities !

Alike are clods and earls.
For sot, and seer, and swain,
For emperors and for churls,
For antidote and bane,

There is but one refrain :
But one for king and thrall,
For David and for Saul,
For fleet of foot and lame,
For pieties and profanities,
The picture and the frame : —
' O Vanity of Vanities ! '

Life is a smoke that curls —
Curls in a flickering skein,
That winds and whisks and whirls,
A figment thin and vain,
Into the vast Inane.
One end for hut and hall !
One end for cell and stall !
Burned in one common flame
Are wisdoms and insanities.
For this alone we came : —
' O Vanity of Vanities ! '

ENVOY.

Prince, pride must have a fall.
What is the worth of all
Your state's supreme urbanities ?
Bad at the best 's the game.
Well might the Sage exclaim : —
' O Vanity of Vanities ! '

VILLON'S STRAIGHT TIP TO ALL CROSS COVES.¹

"Tout aux tavernes et aux filles."

SUPPOSE you screeve? or go cheap-jack?
Or fake the broads? or fig a nag?
Or thimble-rig? or knap a yack?
Or pitch a snide? or smash a rag?
Suppose you duff? or nose and lag?
Or get the straight, and land your pot?
How do you melt the multy swag?
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

Fiddle, or fence, or mace, or mack;
Or moskeneer, or flash the drag;
Dead-lurk a crib, or do a crack;
Pad with a slang, or chuck a fag;
Bonnet, or tout, or mump and gag;
Rattle the tats, or mark the spot;
You can not bank a single stag;
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

¹ "Here . . . it may be noted that Mr. Henley's 'Villonism' is not an imitation of the incomprehensible ballades in 'Jargon' or 'Jobelin,' but a paraphrase in thieves' patter of to-day of Villon's *Ballade of Good Counsel*."

GLEESON WHITE.

Suppose you try a different tack,
And on the square you flash your flag?
At penny-a-lining make your whack,
Or with the mummers mug and gag?
For nix, for nix the dibbs you bag!
At any graft, no matter what,
Your merry goblins soon stravag:
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

THE MORAL.

It 's up the spout and Charley Wag
With wipes and tickers and what not.
Until the squeezer nips your scrag,
Booze and the blowens cop the lot.

CULTURE IN THE SLUMS.¹

(INSCRIBED TO AN INTENSE POET.)

I. RONDEAU.

“O CRIKEY, Bill!” she ses to me, she ses.
“Look sharp,” ses she, “with them there
sossiges.

Yea! sharp with them there bags of mysteree!
For lo!” she ses, “for lo! old pal,” ses she,
“I’m blooming peckish, neither more nor less.”

Was it not prime — I leave you all to guess
How prime! — to have a jude in love’s distress
Come spooning round, and murmuring balmilee,
“O crikey, Bill!”

For in such rorty wise doth Love express
His blooming views, and asks for your address,
And makes it right, and does the gay and free.
I kissed her — I did so! And her and me
Was pals. And if that ain’t good business,
O crikey, Bill!

¹ From whatever source *Culture in the Slums* was derived, it appears for the first time without credit as to its origin, in *Ballades and Rondeaux*, (1887), and the same is true of ‘*Villon’s Straight Tip to All Cross Coves*.’

II. VILLANELLE.

Now ain't they utterly too-too
(She ses, my Missus mine,¹ ses she),
Them flymy little bits of Blue.

Joe, just you kool 'em — nice and skew
Upon our old meogginee,
Now ain't they utterly too-too ?

They 're better than a pot 'n' a screw,
They 're equal to a Sunday spree,
Them flymy little bits of Blue !

Suppose I put 'em up the flue,
And booze the profits, Joe? Not me.
Now ain't they utterly too-too ?

I do the 'Igh Art fake, I do.
Joe, I 'm consummate ; and I *see*
They flymy little bits of Blue.

Which, Joe, is why I ses te you —
Æsthetic-like, and limp, and free —
Now *ain't* they utterly too-too,
Them flymy little bits of Blue ?

¹An adaptation of "Madonna mia."

III. BALLADE.

I OFTEN does a quiet read
At Booty Shelly's¹ poetry;
I thinks that Swinburne at a screed
Is really almost too-too fly;
At Signor Vagna's² harmony
I likes a merry little flutter;
I 've had at Pater many a shy;
In fact, my form 's the Bloomin' Utter.

My mark 's a tidy little feed,
And 'Enery Irving's gallery,
To see old 'Amlick do a bleed,
And Ellen Terry on the die,
Or Franky's ghostes at hi-spy,³
And parties carried on a shutter.⁴
Them vulgar Coupeaus is my eye!
In fact, my form 's the Bloomin' Utter.

The Grosvenor's nuts — it is, indeed!
I goes for 'Olman 'Unt like pie.
It 's equal to a friendly lead
To see B. Jones's judes go by.

¹ Probably Botticelli.

² Wagner. (?)

³ This seems to be a reference to *The Corsican Brothers*.

⁴ *Richard III.* (?)

Stanhope he makes me fit to cry.
Whistler he makes me melt like butter.
Strudwick he makes me flash my cly —
In fact, my form 's the Bloomin' Utter.

ENVOY.

I 'm on for any Art that 's 'Igh;
I talks as quite as I can splutter;
I keeps a Dado on the sly;
In fact, my form 's the Boomin' Utter!



The Bibelot

IN this delightfully human rebandling of an Old World episode in an otherwise forgotten life we breathe the atmosphere of Eighteenth Century comedy. One might easily guess that FitzGerald's love of an old song was at the bottom of his interest in Percival Stockdale who, with his party of Fusiliers in the vanished spring of 1756, invaded Biggleswade and quartered with mine host of the Swan Inn. "An elegant interlude" in good sooth, as its author was pleased to call it, and of the genre of much greater work as one may opine who recalls George Farquhar's Recruiting Officer, the action of which is laid in a nearby district some fifty years earlier. Possibly we may miss the lambent humour of Sergeant Kite and the racy dialogue of his rustic recruits and yet one is distinctly conscious of close kinship with those undying worthies of the Comic Muse.

For us the real FitzGerald is revealed in just such "a bright little antiquarian paper" which, written in 1857 when he was full of Omar "dead and turned to clay," was to sleep in his desk until 1880, and then for another full score of years remain

unnoticed and even now would seem to be unknown to the English editor of the latest edition of his complete works.¹

Readers familiar with our edition of Groome's Aftermath already know the high value of that delightful causerie wherein the recluse of quiet Deben-side is limned for all time with life-like fidelity: a "friendly half-length Kit-Kat" no later biographer however diligent has surpassed or is likely to supercede. From this source we have taken two stories of which we said in our Preface and would resay here: "In The Only Darter and Master Charley there is 'the true pathos and sublime' which set them apart and place their author beside such acknowledged masters as Richard Jefferies and 'Dr. Jessopp.'"

¹ Published anonymously in Temple Bar for January, 1880, (Vol. 58, pp. 21-28). Is it not a little curious that the first and only reprint ever made before this reissue in The Bibelot must be looked for in an American edition? See the Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Works of Edward FitzGerald edited by George Bentham (7 vols., 840), New York, 1903, Vol. VII, pp. 38-51.

FOR DECEMBER :
THE STRAYED REVELLER
AND OTHER LYRICAL POEMS
BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE AND
BALDOCK BLACK HORSE
By
EDWARD FITZGERALD.

THE ONLY DARTER,
"MASTER CHARLEY"
By
ARCHDEACON GROOME.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE AND BALDOCK BLACK HORSE.

IN the year 1809 Percival Stockdale published two octavo volumes of autobiography, in which he called on posterity to do him the justice that had been denied him by his contemporaries. These two volumes might be met with some thirty years ago upon the bookstalls, at the price of half a crown. And they were almost worth it; telling, as they did, the story of one among so many who mistake common talent for genius, and common feeling for rare sensibility; and who, failing to convince the public of the justice of their claim, impute their ill-success to ill-luck or envy. The book is written in that exalted style of sentiment and diction not unusual at the close of last century—the “Sewardesque,” it might be called; written too when old age and infirmity, instead of abating vanity, simply made it more incapable of self-restraint. I propose to give a brief account of these Memoirs by way of introduction to one rather pleasant episode which they contain, and to which the title of this paper refers.

Percival Stockdale was born, he tells us,

in the year 1736, the son of a clergyman in Northumberland, and in due time was sent to the university of St. Andrews, in order to becoming a clergyman himself. But, inflamed by the martial ardour then generally prevailing against France, and still more by what he calls the "irresistible fair of St. Andrews," he suddenly resolved to become a soldier, obtained a lieutenancy in the 23rd Welsh Fusiliers, and with them sailed to the Mediterranean — after Byng's disastrous failure, I think. He soon wearied, however, of soldiering — especially of the drill, in which he cut an awkward figure; his brother officers foolishly wondering, he says, that "one capable of the finer sallies and energies of the mind should not easily be an adept in the inferior and grosser arts of personal and local movement." So, throwing up his commission in 1759, he got himself ordained deacon of the Church, with a salary of £40 a year. This appointment, however, being insufficient both for his pride and his pocket, he resolved on trying his fortune as a man of letters in London, for which his genius and acquirements evidently predestined him. So to London he went: London, he says, "where

I have often sunk to the lowest propensities, and risen to the sublimest delights of my nature." He wrote sermons, essays, and poems of all sorts and sizes, from addresses to the Supreme Being down to Churchill; made many enemies by his satire 'The Poet,' but also many friends and admirers. Garrick made him free of his theatre, on payment of an occasional demand of "Well, Mr. Stockdale, and how did they like me to-night?" But, above all, there was Johnson, by whose very den in Bolt Court Stockdale pitched his tent; the redoubtable Lion, "whose ruggedness," says Stockdale, "as the insolence of Achilles and the sternness of Telamonian Ajax, was subdued by a Briseis or a Tecmessa, was often softened to smiles and caresses by his favorite (cat) Hodge, whose epitaph I had the honour to write, and publish in my *Miscellanies* in 1778." Johnson, humane and generous to all poor creatures, did all he could in behalf of poor "Stockey"—a kind of nickname which the owner thought Johnson only used to those he loved, though at the same time he (Johnson) seemed unaccountably "divided between a benevolence to my interest and a coldness to my fame." "He

did not even mention *my* Life of Waller in *his*; and thought my translation of Quintus Curtius 'rather encumbered with Latin idiom'; a fault that after the most impartial examination I own I could not find," and of which the public will one day decide whether such be the case or not.

But Johnson, with all his goodwill for the poor author, and all his influence with publishers, could not prevail with any of them to undertake a History of Spain, or join in other such enterprises as his poor friend proposed: and Stockdale gradually subsided into becoming "bookseller's hack," to supply them with any occasional verse or prose which they might want, or the writer need to subsist by. And "subsistence" with Stockdale was not so simple a concern; his bodily ambitions were not more easily satisfied than his mental: in the matter of eating and drinking, for instance, "though so early," he says, "a worshiper of Flora, of Vertumnus, and Pomona" — (whatever all that may mean) — "yet was I also given to exalt and stimulate the olive of Minerva with the grape of Bacchus," which is quite intelligible. But, Minerva not being sufficiently stimulated to

pay the cost of Bacchus, and no brighter prospect opening before her in London, poor Stockdale was half tempted to join the literati who were invited by the Empress Catherine to Russia. But then she offered only £100 a year! And that at St. Petersburg! And in the service of one whom Johnson, he says, called "a foolish woman, who had read Voltaire and D'Alembert, and those childish authors!"

Things growing desperate, however, so far as subsistence by literature was concerned, Stockdale resolved to fall back on the bosom of Mother Church; and Johnson, on his promising to be "conscientiously attentive" to his clerical duties, gave him a letter of recommendation to Burke; who, with one wry face at some hint about "political heresies" in Johnson's letter, received the bearer with courtesy and kindness. Nothing came of it, however, and Stockdale was "sinking very fast," he tells us, "in folly, dissipation, and distress," when Garrick (the player's patronage being at that time more efficacious than the orator's) got Lord Sandwich to appoint him to the *Resolution* man-of-war, in which he cruised about England for three

years, writing sermons, and otherwise "worshipping the muses." Once again on shore, and wearied of the sea, he accepted the post of tutor to Lord Craven's sons; an office where, Johnson told him, he must expect to meet with insolence, and where Stockdale says he found it. When this engagement (for whatever reasons) came to an end, we find him upon the town again, oppressed by "straitened circumstances, by bad fortune, by imprudencies, by extravagancies," till, one lucky day, he bethought himself of leaving seventeen sermons and a pamphlet of poems at Lord Thurlow's door. "*He* marked and rewarded my literary merit," and, after some further solicitation, presented me with two livings in my native county of Northumberland. These two livings the Archbishop of Canterbury licensed Stockdale to hold together, but "in so gross and rude a manner," he says, "that if I entertained any gratitude, I should relinquish every atom of that manly spirit by which I have hitherto been supported and elevated." He took the two livings, however, and kept them to the day of his death, but soon wearied of the clerical duty which he had promised Johnson

so punctually to discharge, and once more took to roving about, still "worshiping the muses," and dedicating to Lord Thurlow (from whose character he drew the hero) that tragedy of 'Ximenes' which Miss Pope found only "too sublime for the stage." Nor was it till after twelve years that he returned to his livings in the north; an old, nervous, querulous, discontented man. And then it was that he compiled these Memoirs with the help of Miss Jane Porter (to whom they are dedicated), who, he says, left her own "genial scenes of Surrey for the bleak and dreary wilds of Northumberland," to soothe "an aged and unfortunate poet," and to arrange his desultory memoranda for the press. These, as I premised, were published in the year 1809; and I have somewhere—but where I know not—read that the writer died some two years after. That any one should have any such uncertainty as to such an event! The Memoirs include a few stories relating to Garrick and the players; some good things of Johnson; and a few brief glimpses of Burke, Goldsmith, and Gibbon. With these exceptions, there is little in these two volumes worth repeating,

unless the present reader, for want of anything better, may care to accompany poor Stockdale in a little adventure which he met with in his early and brief military career, and which he calls "an elegant interlude" of his otherwise absurdly tragical life.

He was just twenty years of age in 1756, when, after wintering in Leicester with his Fusiliers, he set out on foot with a party of them, and just half a guinea in his pocket, to recruit in Bedfordshire. Through alternate frost and thaw they trudged along, till they reached that uncouthly-named town, or village, of Biggleswade, where their quarters were to be, and put up at the Swan, still floating in air over the door, I believe, but then under the sway of "honest Jerry Bryant." There they succeeded in raising thirty recruits for King George, and by that means putting fifty guineas in Stockdale's pocket; and there, he says, passed some of the few "luminous and halcyon days which have diversified and contrasted the gloomy and painful tenour of my life."

"My studies" — and Homer and Cicero were among them — "received a zest from agreeable and varied society. I enjoyed the

hospitality and cheerfulness of plain, honest yeomen, and of well-educated and polite gentlemen."

Among these latter were the Haywoods, "in whose house I always met with a friendly and kind reception, passed many social and pleasant hours in lively and informing conversation, or over an easy and disinterested poule of quadrille." He fell in love with the daughter, and managed always to keep on jovial terms with the son, who was otherwise apt to quarrel in his cups, insomuch that he one day collared and almost strangled Mr. Phillips, "a worthy attorney of Hitchin," and, "perhaps rather fortunately," died himself not long after. Then there were the Fields of Campton, with a daughter also, "to whom I paid one of my poetical tributes," and a son who was also a little given to "unsteddiness," in spite of all advice I gave him to fix his mind on real good. And there was John Harvey of Ickwall, an old and jovial bachelor with £2000 a year, and a house full of nephews, with whom, though turned of sixty, and weighing twenty stone, he hunted of a morning, and at night, or in what Stockdale calls "his rosy hours," drank

with them out of "an elegant crystal tun which held two bottles of claret, and was surmounted by a silver Bacchus." "From this transparent cask and silver cock we drew the ruby nectar of Bordeaux," while the jovial host, "pipe in hand, with his rosy and jolly face, beaming hospitality and transport, which were enforced by a large, white, and venerable, yet comick, wig, enjoyed the rapture of one of his own songs;" whether it were,

"Our joys know no bounds,
When after the hounds,"

or Dr. Arne's,

"By dimpled brook and fountain-brim ;"

which latter he trolled out with "a strong yet musical voice, and natural expression," superior to all the "gaudy and meretricious embellishments of the theatre." Nor must we leave out the very central figure in the town of Biggleswade itself; with his "old withered housekeeper," his "singed yellow cat," and his "blind dog," all inhabiting "his ruinous and shapeless parsonage, shrouded in damp and tangled trees," in the middle of

the place — John Gibson, the vicar; round, rosy, orthodox, ever smiling, with a few old jokes, but so perfectly self-satisfied withal as frequently to declare that “Stockdale is just the same lively, entertaining creature that I was at his age.”

Amid all these jolly companions, and with that jolly young Haywood in particular, who almost strangled the poor attorney, Stockdale enacted that “elegant interlude” of his to which we have been thus long coming, and which we will now leave him to tell in his own words.

“During my recruiting station at Biggleswade, I passed a very agreeable day with that unfortunate man Haywood, and with some other gentlemen, at Stevenage in Hertfordshire. But I mention this day, on account of an elegant interlude with which it was actuated and brightened. Baldock is a market-town about eight miles south of Biggleswade; it is on the high north road, and in the way to Stevenage. A miller lived on the skirts of Baldock; he kept a little publick house: himself, and his rural abode, had been rendered famous by verse and beauty. He had a charming daughter; though at *my*

time, she had arrived at 'womanhood, where youth ended.' Her attractions had been celebrated by the curate of the place, who had written a song in her praise, which was marked with vivacity and taste; and indeed, with a degree of genius. It had its very popular and flourishing day; and I remember when it was constantly sung in London: and all over the kingdom. I think that I remember it; and I shall give it to the reader, when I have told my story. I had frequently expressed to Haywood my great desire to see this rustick Diana; but he assured me, that it was impracticable; for her family had been so long teized with the same curiosity, and were so disgusted with the rudeness which the girl had suffered from some people, that they had determined never again to expose her to the risk of such indignities. I told Haywood that I was resolved to see her; and that I thought it would be very possible to see her, as I should manage my introduction. He was eager to lay me a wager on the subject; I took him at his proposal; and our bett was a dozen of the best port (to be payed by *me*, if I saw her not, and by *him* if I saw her), and to be drank, with some of our

select friends, at honest Jerry Bryant's my host of the garter.

"On our road to Stevenage, we stopped at the mill; and went into the house. The house seemed inauspicious; for several people sate there, drinking; and they were rather obstreperous. Haywood smiled, and predicted the defeat of our scheme; but I told him, I was sure that it would take effect, on our return, in the evening. I felt a tremulous kind of anxiety for the event: I always revered virtuous beauty, however low the class of life was, which it adorned; and I thought that I would acquit myself better; that I would atchieve my exploit with more spirit and decision under the benign and generous, not under the violent and maddening, auspices of Bacchus. We rode to Stevenage; dined merrily there: I drank but a pint of wine; for an enterprize of 'great pith and moment' was to be executed. A moderate glass animates us to *any* heroick deed; excess unfits us for it. We lighted once more at the honest miller's, on a delightful vernal evening; it was worthy of the object of *my* generalship. I was alarmed at seeing again several people, who were drinking in

the house; but wine and honour were at stake; and no time was to be lost. I desired to speak privately with the father of this daughter of Ceres;—he very civilly accompanied me into a little field which was behind his house; the adjacent trees, and the beautiful grounds of Hertfordshire, seemed to consecrate the scene, and *my* wishes: and we ‘spoke almost in whispers, least a Greek should hear.’ I told him that I would take it as a great favour, if he would permit me to see his fair daughter, for a few minutes: I highly commended his truly paternal resolution, not to expose her to ill-manners, after the very improper treatment that she had experienced; I mentioned the wager that was to be decided between me, and the gentleman who was with me; and I gave him my word and honour, that if he would indulge me with a short interview with his daughter, I would treat her with all possible civility and respect. The man looked stedfastly at me for awhile; and at length he gave me a favourable answer. He said, that to oblige *me*, he would break his resolution; for he was certain that I would behave like a gentleman. He showed Mr. Hayward and me

into a parlour; and as a proof of his confidence in me, he retired. In a minute or two, the goddess of the grove entered, in attire of elegant, though of Arcadian simplicity; and 'blushing like the morn.' She was not young; perhaps above thirty; but *yet* lively, fair, and blooming. The vivacity of her appearance was tempered with that reserve, which was her proper and respectable guard in the company of strangers. There was great gentility and symmetry in her person; her features were fine, and expressive; her eyes were black; and of piercing eloquence. There was a natural ease, politeness, and grace, in her manner; which, where they are originally wanting, can never be equalled by all the elaborate ingenuity of art. In our short conversation, her language was proper, and pertinent; she permitted me respectfully to salute her: I assured her of the high sense which I had of the obligation that she had conferred on me. Haywood was rather too ardent in his advances; I checked his indiscretion peremptorily, and severely. We bade adieu to the fair one; and I returned victorious to Biggleswade. A libation of the dozen of port was soon made at the Swan, in a

society who were worthy of the sacred and social rite, to the lass of the mill; to many other Bedfordshire beauties; and to those great men, who were the defenders of our country, and at a very glorious period of our history, by their eloquence, or by their sword."

Well, has the reader accompanied Percival Stockdale thus far, and seen him in the "elegant interlude," which he helped to enact in Hertfordshire more than a hundred years ago? Our actors are all vanished; the theatre they played in remains, with its pleasant country annually redecorated by the hand of nature; its pleasant country town; and, a little way out of it, at the foot of the hill which Stockdale and young Haywood descended that spring morning, the mill, with its scanty stream, but without that sign of a Black Horse which invited the traveller to rest and refresh himself along the dusty road.¹ And for its long departed heroine —

¹ There is a tradition that no less distinguished a performer than Dick Turpin once put up there in the course of one of *his* "elegant interludes" along the "Great North Road," as it was called before the time of railways.

if any reader of this present paper cares to follow her behind the scenes, he may still perhaps decipher the date of her last exit among other such almost obliterated inscriptions in Baldock churchyard: "In memory of Mary, the wife of Henry Leonard, who died April 26, 1769, aged 43 years" — about twelve years after Stockdale saw and saluted her, rightly guessing that she was then "perhaps above thirty, but yet lively, fair, and blooming." A little further westward lies her husband, Henry Leonard, "who died April 28, 1802, aged 78 years," buried, not by her side, but by that of a second wife, who may have been as good, but whom we will not believe to have been such a beauty, as his first.¹

However this may be, that first Mary of his was celebrated, not only by recruiting officers in the country, and by ballad-singers in town; there are, moreover, two aquatint

¹ These notes concerning Baldock Mill and Churchyard were taken during a visit there in the spring of 1857, just one hundred years after poor "Stockey's" visit, perhaps even to a day, for a large oak-apple bough had just, I remember, been hoisted on the steeple in annual memory of King Charles.

engravings of Baldock still extant to attest that she was its most celebrated ornament. One of these prints represents the town and the fields adjoining, and "Mr. FitzJohn" on his horse, looking at the country people making hay; the other print is of the mill itself, with its Black Horse over the gable, and genteel company in hoop and ruffle and cocked hat, politely conversing along the road, or fishing in the mill-stream. Under each of these engravings is a stanza from that ballad written "with a degree of genius" by that nameless curate—fancy curates doing such things nowadays!—and sung about the London streets more than a hundred years ago, perhaps to the delightful air which afterwards accompanied O'Keefe's song of 'How happy the Soldier who lives on his Pay.'

"Who has e'er been at Baldock, must needs
 know the mill,
 With the sign of the horse, at the foot of the
 hill;
 Where the grave, and the gay, the clown, and
 the beau,
 Without all distinction promiscuously go.

AND BALDOCK BLACK HORSE

“ This man of the mill has a daughter so
fair;
Of so pleasing a shape, and so winning an
air;
That once on the ever-green bank as she
stood;
I could swear ’t had been Venus, just sprung
from the flood.

“ But looking again, I perceived my mistake ;
For Venus, though fair, has the looks of a
rake ;
Where nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the lass of the
mill.

“ Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven the mass he had moulded of clay ;
But had Polly been near him, the beams of
her eyes
Would have saved him the trouble of rob-
bing the skies.”

THE ONLY DARTER.

A SUFFOLK CLERGYMAN'S REMINISCENCE.

OUR young parson said to me t'other dää, "John," sez he, "din't yeou nivver hev a darter?" "Sar," sez I, "I had one once, but she ha' been dead close on thatty years." And then I tow'd him about my poor mor,¹

"I lost my fust wife thatty-three years ago. She left me with six bors and Susan. She was the owdest of them all, tarded sixteen when her mother died. She was a fine jolly gal, with lots of sperit. I coon't be alluz at home, and tho' I'd nivver a wadd² to säa aginst Susan, yet I thowt I wanted some one to look arter her and the bors. Gals want a mother more than bors. So arter a year I married my second wife, and a rale good wife she ha' bin to me. But Susan coon't git on with her. She'd dew³ what she was tow'd, but 'twarn't done pieasant, and when she spöök she spöök so short. My wife was werry patient with her; but dew all she could, she nivver could git on with Susan.

¹ *Mawther*, girl.

² Word.

³ Do.

"I'd a married sister in London, whue cum down to see us at Whissuntide. She see how things fared, and she saa to me, 'John,' sez she, 'dew yeou let Susan go back with me, and I'll git her a good place and see arter her.' So 'twas sattled. Susan was all for goin', and when she went she kiss't me and all the bors, but she nivver sed nawthin' to my wife, 'cept just 'Good-bye.' She fared to git a nice quite¹ place; but then my sister left London, and Susan's missus died, and so she had to git a place where she could. So she got a place where they took in lodgers, and Susan and her missus did all the cookin' and waitin' between 'em. Susan sed arterwards that 'twarn't what she had to dew, but the runnin' up-stairs; that's what killt her. There was one owd gentleman, who lived at the top of the house. He'd ring his bell, and if she din't go di-reckly, he'd ring and ring agen, fit to bring the house down. One dää he rung three times, but Susan was set fast, and coon't go; and when she did, he spöök so sharp, that it wholly upset her, and she dropt down o' the floor

¹ Quiet.

all in a faint. He hollered out at the top o' the stairs; and sum o' the fooks cum runnin' up to see what was the matter. Arter a bit she cum round, and they got her to bed; but she was so bad that they had to send for the doctor. The owd gentleman was so wexed, he sed he'd paa for the doctor as long as he could; but when the doctor sed she was breedin' a faver, nawthing would satisfy her missus but to send her to the horspital, while she could go.

"So she went into the horspital, and laa five weeks and din't know nobody. Last she begun to mend, and she sed that the fooks there were werry kind. She had a bed to herself in a big room with nigh twenty others. Ivry dää the doctor cum round, and spöök to 'em all in tarn. He was an owdish gentleman, and sum young uns cum round with him. One mornin' he saa to Susan, 'Well, my dear,' sez he, 'how do yeou feel to-day?' She saa, 'Kind o' middlin', sir.' She towed me that one o' the young gentlemen sort o' laffed when he h'ard her, and stopped behind and saa to her, 'Do yeou cum out o' Suffolk?' She saa, 'Yes; what, do yeou know me?' She was so pleased!

THE ONLY DARTER

He axed her where she cum from, and when she tow'd him, he säa, 'I know the clargy-man of the parish.' He'd a rose in his button-hole, and he took it out and gov it her, and he säa, 'Yeou'll like to hev it, for that cum up from Suffolk this mornin'.' Poor mor, she was so pleased! Well, arter a bit she got better, and the doctor säa, "My dear, yeou must go and git nussed at home. That'll dew more for yeou than all the doctors' stuff here.'

'She han't no money left to päa for her jarney. But the young gentleman made a gatherin' for her, and when the nuss went with her to the station, he holp her into the cab, and gov her the money. Whue he was she din't know, and I don't now, but I alluz säa, 'God bless him for it.'

"One mornin' the owd parson—he was yar father—sent for me, and he säa, 'John,' sez he, 'I ha' a letter to say that Susan ha' been in the horspital, but she is better now, and is cummin' home to-morrow. So yeou must meet her at Halser,¹ and yeou may hiv my cart.' Susan coon't write, so we'd nivver

¹ Halesworth.

h'ard, sin' her aunt went away. Yeou may s'pose how I felt! Well, I went and met her. O lawk, a lawk! how bad she did look! I got her home about five, and my wife had got a good fire, and ivrything nice for her, but, poor mor! she was whölly beat. She coon't eat nawthin'. Arter a bit, she tuk off her bonnet, and then I see she han't no hair, 'cept a werry little. That whölly beat me, she used to hev such nice hair. Well, we got her to bed, and for a whole week she coon't howd up at all. Then she fare to git better, and cum down-stairs, and sot by the fire, and begun to pick a little. And so she went on, when the summer cum, sometimes better and sometimes wuss. But she spöök werry little, and din't seem to git on no better with my wife. Yar father used to cum and see her and read to her. He was werry fond of her, for he had knowed her ivver sin' she was born. But she got waker and waker, and at last she coon't howd up no longer, but took whölly to her bed. How my wife did wait upon her! She'd try and 'tice her to ate suffen,¹ when yar father

¹ Something.

THE ONLY DARTER

sent her a bit o' pudden. I once sää to him, 'What do yeou think o' the poor mor?' 'John,' sez he, 'she's werry bad.' 'But,' sez I, 'dew she know it?' 'Yes,' sez he, 'she dew; but she een't one to sää much.' But I alluz noticed, she seem werry glad to see yar father.

"One day I'd cum home arly; I'd made one jarney.¹ So I went up to see Susan. There I see my wife läad outside the bed close to Susan; Susan was kind o' strokin' her face, and I h'ard her sää, 'Kiss me, mother dear; yeou're a good mother to me.' They din't see me, so I crep' down-stairs, but it made me werry comforble.

"Susan's bed läa close to the wall, so that she could alluz make us know at night if she wanted anything by jest knockin'. One night we h'ard her sing a hymn. She used to sing at charch when she was a little gal, but I nivver h'ard her sing so sweetsome as she did then. Arter she'd finished, she knockt sharp, and we went di-reckly. There she läa—I can see her now—as white as

¹ Fr. *ournée*, one day's work without halt, ending about 3 P. M.

THE ONLY DARTER

the sheets she läa in. 'Father,' sez she, 'am I dyin'?' I coon't spake, but my wife sed, 'Yeou're a-dyin', dear.' 'Well, then,' sez she, 'tis bewtiful.' And she lookt hard at me, hard at both of us; and then lookt up smilin', as if she see Some One.

"She was the only darter I ivver had."

JOHN DUTFEN.

“MASTER CHARLEY.”

A SUFFOLK LABOURER'S STORY.

THE Owd Master at the Hall had two children — Mr. James and Miss Mary. Mr. James was ivver so much owder than Miss Mary. She come kind o' unexpected like, and she warn't but a little thing when she lost her mother. When she got owd enough Owd Master sent her to a young ladies' skule. She was there a soot o' years, and when she come to stäa at home, she *was* such a pretty young lady, *that* she was. She was werry fond of cumpany, but there warn't the lissest bit wrong about her. There was a young gentleman, from the shēres, who lived at a farm in the next parish, where he was come to larn farmin'. He was werry fond of her, and though his own folks din't like it, it was all sattled that he was soon to marry her. Then he hear'd suffen about her, which warn't a bit true, and he went awäa, and was persuaded to marry somebody else. Miss Mary took on bad about it, but that warn't the wust of it. She had a baby before long, and he was the father on't.

O lawk, a lawk! how the Owd Master did break out when he hear'd of it! My mother

lived close by, and nussed poor Miss Mary, so I've h'ard all about it. He woun't let the child stop in the house, but sent it awäa to a house three miles off, where the woman had lost her child. But when Miss Mary got about, the woman used to bring the baby — he was “Master Charley” — to my mother's. One däa, when she went down, my mother tow'd her that he warn't well; so off she went to see him. When she got home she was late, and the owd man was kep' waitin' for his dinner. As soon as he see her, he roared out, “What! hev yeou bin to see yar bastard?” “O father,” says she, “yeou shoun't säa so.” “Shoun't säa so,” said he, “shoun't I? I can säa wuss than that.” And then he called her a bad name. She got up, nivver said a wädd, but walked straight out of the front door. They din't take much notiz at fust, but when she din't come back, they got scared, and looked for her all about; and at last they found her in the möot, at the bottom of the orchard.

O lawk, a lawk!

The Owd Master nivver could howd up arter that. 'Fore that, if he was put out, yeou could hear 'im all over the farm, a-cussin'

"MASTER CHARLEY"

and swearin'. He werry seldom spöök to anybody now, but he was alluz about arly and late; nöthin' seemed to tire him. 'Fore that he nivver went to chärch; now he went reg'ler. But he wud säa sumtimes, comin' out, "Parson's a fule." But if anybody was ill, he bod 'em go up to the Hall and ax for suffen.¹ There was young Farmer Whoo's wife was werry bad, and the doctor säa that what she wanted was London poort. So he sent my father to the marchant at Ipswich, to bring back four dozen. Arter dark he was to lave it at the house, but not to knock. They nivver knew where ta come from till arter he died. But he fare to get waker, and stupe more ivry year.

Yeou ax me about "Master Charley." Well, he growed up such a pretty bor. He lived along with my mother for the most part, and Mr. James was so fond of him. He'd come down, and pläa and talk to him the hour together, and Master Charley would foller 'im about like a little dawg.

One däa they was togither, and Owd Master met 'em. "James," said he, "what bor

¹ Something.

is that alluz follerin' yeou about?" He said, "It's Mary's child." The owd man tärned round as if he'd bin shot, and went home all himpin' along. Folks heared him säa, "Mary's child! Lord! Lord!" When he got in, he sot down, and nivver spöök a wädd, 'cept now and then, "Mary's child! Lord! Lord!" He coun't ate no dinner; but he tow'd 'em to go for my mother; and when she come, he säa to her, "Missus, yeou must git me to bed." And there he läa all night, nivver släpin' a bit, but goin' on säain, "Mary's child! *Lord! Lord!*" quite solemn like. Sumtimes he'd säa, "I've bin a bad un in my time, I hev."

Next mornin' Mr. James sent for the doctor. But when he come, Owd Master said, "Yeou can do nothin' for me; I oon't take none o' yar stuff." No more he would. Then Mr. James säa, "Would yeou like to see the parson?" He din't säa nöthin' for some time, then he said, "Yeou may send for him." When the parson come — and he was a nice quite¹ owd gentleman, we were werry fond of him — he went up and stäa'd some time;

¹ Quiet.

“MASTER CHARLEY”

but he nivver said nōthin' when he come down. Howsomdiver, Owd Master lāa more quiter arter that, and when they axed him to take his med'cin he took it. Then he slep' for some hours, and when he woke up he called out quite clear, “James.” And when Mr. James come, he sää to him, “James,” sez he, “I ha' left ivrything to yeou; do yeou see that Mary hev her share.” You notiz, he din't sää, “Mary's child,” but “Mary hev her share.” Arter a little while he said, “James, I should like to see the little chap.” He warn't far off, and my mother made him tidy, and brushed his hair and parted it. Then she took him up, and put him close to the bed. Owd Master bod 'em put the curtain back, and he lāa and looked at Master Charley. And then he said, quite slow and tendersome, “Yeou're a'most as pritty as your mother was, my dear.”

Them was the last words he ivver spöök.

Mr. James nivver married, and when he died he left ivrything to Master Charley.



The Bibelot

IN bringing together these lyrical poems of Matthew Arnold we are well aware of the impossibility, within the limits of a single Bibelot, of doing more than indicate our personal preferences, which, rightly or wrongly from a critical standpoint, we have held and shall continue to hold. First of all we reprint his earliest poem *The Strayed Reveller* because we believe it to be, metrical discords and structural defects conceded, a wonderfully unique production. Originally published in 1849 it was reviewed in *The Germ* for February, 1850, by the still living Mr. William Michael Rossetti, whose brief resumé is well worth recalling even after the lapse of half a century :

“ *The Reveller, going to join the train of Bacchus in his temple, has strayed into the house of Circe and has drunk of her cup: he believes that, while poets can see and know only through participation in endurance, he shares the power belonging to the gods of seeing ‘without pain, without labour’; and has looked over the valley all day long at the Mænads and Fawns, and Bacchus, ‘sometimes, for a moment, passing through the dark stems.’* ”

It is in his description of what the gods, and the poets, and the strayed youth himself

has beheld, that Arnold attains and transmits to us the Vision Splendid, and, as a result, this poem, as it seems to us, stands in the forefront of his imaginative verse.

The selections following The Strayed Reveller are all too few, but starting from the broad and general issues of Bacchanalia Arnold's criticism of life deepens into an exquisite subjectivity, seen and felt to the full in A Summer Night, and The Buried Life; ending at last in that solemn chant, The Future. There are those for whom Dover Beach and Morality will remain even as the words of an everlasting gospel.

*"Though the Muse be gone away,
Though she move not earth to-day,
Souls, erewhile who caught her word,
Ah! still harp on what they heard."*



FOR JANUARY :

ESTHER : A YOUNG MAN'S TRAGEDY

By

WILFRID SCAWEN BLUNT.

THE STRAYED REVELLER
AND OTHER LYRICAL POEMS

By

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

*"Below the surface-stream, shallow and light,
Of what we say we feel — below the stream,
As light, of what we think we feel, — there flows
With noiseless current strong, obscure, and deep,
The central stream of what we feel indeed."*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

“**A** TEST of great poetry is its abiding and unfailing power upon us, because of its indifference to time and place. A line of Virgil, written by the Bay of Naples, in some most private hour of meditation, all those long years ago! comes home to us, as though it were our own thought; upon each repetition, experience has made it more true and touching. Or, take some verse of Arnold, written at Oxford or in London, some few years past: it comes home to us as, though a thousand years had pondered it, and found it true.

‘Tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years.’

And in beauty, in power of music and of phrase, the great poets are all contemporaries: an eternal beauty is upon the great works of art, as though they were from everlasting.”

LIONEL JOHNSON.

THE STRAYED REVELLER.

THE PORTICO OF CIRCE'S PALACE. EVENING.

A YOUTH. CIRCE.

THE YOUTH.

F^{ASTER, faster,}
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul!

Thou standest, smiling
Down on me! thy right arm,
Lean'd up against the column there,
Props thy soft cheek;
Thy left holds, hanging loosely,
The deep cup, ivy-cinctured,
I held but now.

Is it, then, evening
So soon? I see, the night-dews,
Cluster'd in thick beads, dim
The agate brooch-stones
On thy white shoulder;
The cool night-wind, too,
Blows through the portico,

Stirs thy hair, Goddess,
Waves thy white robe !

CIRCE.

Whence art thou, sleeper ?

THE YOUTH.

When the white dawn first
Through the rough fir-planks
Of my hut, by the chestnuts,
Up at the valley-head,
Came breaking, Goddess !
I sprang up, I threw round me
My dappled fawn-skin ;
Passing out, from the wet turf,
Where they lay, by the hut door,
I snatch'd up my vine-crown, my fir-staff,
All drench'd in dew —
Came swift down to join
The rout early gather'd
In the town, round the temple,
Iacchus' white fane
On yonder hill.

Quick I pass'd, following
The wood-cutters' cart-track
Down the dark valley ; — I saw
On my left, through the beeches,

Thy palace, Goddess,
Smokeless, empty !
Trembling, I enter'd ; beheld
The court all silent,
The lions sleeping,
On the altar this bowl.
I drank, Goddess !
And sank down here, sleeping,
On the steps of thy portico.

CIRCE.

Foolish boy ! Why tremblest thou ?
Thou lovest it, then, my wine ?
Wouldst more of it ? See, how glows,
Through the delicate, flush'd marble,
The red, creaming liquor,
Strown with dark seeds !
Drink, then ! I chide thee not,
Deny thee not my bowl.
Come, stretch forth thy hand, then — so !
Drink — drink again !

THE YOUTH.

Thanks, gracious one !
Ah, the sweet fumes again !
More soft, ah me,
More subtle-winding
Than Pan's flute-music !

Faint — faint! Ah me,
Again the sweet sleep!

CIRCE.

Hist! Thou — within there!
Come forth, Ulysses!
Art tired with hunting?
While we range the woodland,
See what the day brings.

ULYSSES.

Ever new magic!
Hast thou then lured hither,
Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
The young, languid-eyed Ampelus,
Iacchus' darling —
Or some youth beloved of Pan,
Of Pan and the Nymphs?
That he sits, bending downward
His white, delicate neck
To the ivy-wreathed marge
Of thy cup; the bright, glancing vine-leaves
That crown his hair,
Falling forward, mingling
With the dark ivy-plants —
His fawn-skin, half untied,
Smear'd with red wine-stains? Who is he,
That he sits, overweigh'd

By fumes of wine and sleep,
So late, in thy portico?
What youth, Goddess, — what guest
Of Gods or mortals?

CIRCE.

Hist! he wakes!
I lured him not hither, Ulysses.
Nay, ask him!

THE YOUTH.

Who speaks? Ah, who comes forth
To thy side, Goddess, from within?
How shall I name him?
This spare, dark-featured,
Quick-eyed stranger?
Ah, and I see too
His sailor's bonnet,
His short coat, travel-tarnish'd,
With one arm bare! —
Art thou not he, whom fame
This long time rumours
The favour'd guest of Circe, brought by the waves?
Art thou he, stranger?
The wise Ulysses,
Laertes' son?

ULYSSES.

I am Ulysses.
And thou, too, sleeper?
Thy voice is sweet.
It may be thou hast follow'd
Through the islands some divine bard,
By age taught many things,
Age and the Muses ;
And heard him delighting
The chiefs and people
In the banquet, and learn'd his songs,
Of Gods and Heroes,
Of war and arts,
And peopled cities,
Inland, or built
By the grey sea.— If so, then hail !
I honour and welcome thee.

THE YOUTH.

The Gods are happy.
They turn on all sides
Their shining eyes,
And see below them
The earth and men.

They see Tiresias
Sitting, staff in hand,

On the warm, grassy
Asopus bank,
His robe drawn over
His old, sightless head,
Revolving inly
The doom of Thebes.

They see the Centaurs
In the upper glens
Of Pelion, in the streams;
Where red-berried ashes fringe
The clear-brown shallow pools,
With streaming flanks, and heads
Rear'd proudly, snuffing
The mountain wind.

They see the Indian
Drifting, knife in hand,
His frail boat moor'd to
A floating isle thick-matted
With large-leaved, low-creeping melon-plants,
And the dark cucumber.
He reaps, and stows them,
Drifting — drifting; — round him,
Round his green harvest-plot,
Flow the cool lake-waves,
The mountains ring them.

They see the Scythian
On the wide stepp, unharnessing
His wheel'd house at noon.
He tethers his beast down, and makes his meal —
Mares' milk, and bread
Baked on the embers ; — all around
The boundless, waving grass-plains stretch, thick-starr'd
With saffron and the yellow hollyhock
And flag-leaved iris-flowers.
Sitting in his cart
He makes his meal ; before him, for long miles,
Alive with bright green lizards,
And the springing bustard-fowl,
The track, a straight black line,
Furrows the rich soil ; here and there
Clusters of lonely mounds
Topp'd with rough-hewn,
Grey, rain-blear'd statues, overpeer
The sunny waste.

They see the ferry
On the broad, clay-laden
Lone Chorasmian stream ; — thereon,
With snort and strain,
Two horses, strongly swimming, tow
The ferry-boat, with woven ropes
To either bow
Firm harness'd by the mane ; a chief,

With shout and shaken spear,
Stands at the prow, and guides them ; but astern
The cowering merchants, in long robes,
Sit pale beside their wealth
Of silk-bales and of balsam-drops,
Of gold and ivory,
Of turquoise-earth and amethyst,
Jasper and chalcedony,
And milk-barr'd onyx-stones.
The loaded boat swings groaning
In the yellow eddies ;
The Gods behold them.

They see the Heroes
Sitting in the dark ship
On the foamless, long-heaving,
Violet sea,
At sunset nearing
The Happy Islands.

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labour !
O prince, what pain !

They too can see
Tiresias ; — but the Gods,
Who give them vision,

Added this law :
That they should bear too
His groping blindness,
His dark foreboding,
His scorn'd white hairs ;
— Bear Hera's anger
Through a life lengthen'd
To seven ages.

They see the Centaurs
On Pelion ; — then they feel,
They too, the maddening wine
Swell their large veins to bursting ; in wild pain
They feel the biting spears
Of the grim Lapithæ, and Theseus, drive,
Drive crashing through their bones ; they feel
High on a jutting rock in the red stream
Alcmena's dreadful son
Ply his bow ; — such a price
The Gods exact for song :
To become what we sing.

They see the Indian
On his mountain lake ; but squalls
Make their skiff reel, and worms
In the unkind spring have gnawn
Their melon-harvest to the heart, — They see
The Scythian ; but long frosts

Parch them in winter-time on the bare stepp,
Till they too fade like grass; they crawl
Like shadows forth in spring.

They see the merchants
On the Oxus stream; — but care
Must visit first them too, and make them pale.
Whether, through whirling sand,
A cloud of desert robber-horse have burst
Upon their caravan; or greedy kings,
In the wall'd cities the way passes through,
Crush'd them with tolls; or fever-airs,
On some great river's marge,
Mown them down, far from home.

They see the Heroes
Near harbour; — but they share
Their lives, and former violent toil in Thebes,
Seven-gated Thebes, or Troy;
Or where the echoing oars
Of Argo first
Startled the unknown sea.

The old Silenus
Came, lolling in the sunshine,
From the dewy forest-coverts,
This way, at noon.
Sitting by me, while his Fauns

Down at the water-side
Sprinkled and smoothed
His drooping garland,
He told me these things.

But I, Ulysses,
Sitting on the warm steps,
Looking over the valley,
All day long, have seen,
Without pain, without labour,
Sometimes a wild-hair'd Mænad —
Sometimes a Faun with torches —
And sometimes, for a moment,
Passing through the dark stems
Flowing-robed, the beloved,
The desired, the divine,
Beloved Iacchus.

Ah, cool night-wind, tremulous stars !
Ah, glimmering water,
Fitful earth-murmur,
Dreaming woods !
Ah, golden-hair'd, strangely smiling Goddess,
And thou, proved, much enduring,
Wave-toss'd Wanderer !
Who can stand still ?
Ye fade, ye swim, ye waver before me —
The cup again !

Faster, faster,
O Circe, Goddess,
Let the wild, thronging train,
The bright procession
Of eddying forms,
Sweep through my soul !

BACCHANALIA;
OR, THE NEW AGE.

I.

THE evening comes, the fields are still.
The tinkle of the thirsty rill,
Unheard all day, ascends again;
Deserted is the half-mown plain,
Silent the swaths! the ringing wain,
The mower's cry, the dog's alarms,
All housed within the sleeping farms!
The business of the day is done,
The last-left haymaker is gone.
And from the thyme upon the height,
And from the elder-blossom white
And pale dog-roses in the hedge,
And from the mint-plant in the sedge,
In puffs of balm the night-air blows
The perfume which the day forgoes.
And on the pure horizon far,
See, pulsing with the first-born star,
The liquid sky above the hill!
The evening comes, the fields are still.

Loitering and leaping,
With saunter, with bounds —
Flickering and circling
In files and in rounds —
Gaily their pine-staff green

Tossing in air,
Loose o'er their shoulders white
Showering their hair—
See! the wild Mænads
Break from the wood,
Youth and Iacchus
Maddening their blood.
See! through the quiet land
Rioting they pass—
Fling the fresh heaps about,
Trample the grass.
Tear from the rifled hedge
Garlands, their prize;
Fill with their sports the field,
Fill with their cries.

Shepherd, what ails thee, then?
Shepherd, why mute?
Forth with thy joyous song!
Forth with thy flute!
Tempt not the revel blithe?
Lure not their cries?
Glow not their shoulders smooth?
Melt not their eyes?
Is not, on cheeks like those,
Lovely the flush?
— *Ah, so the quiet was!*
So was the hush!

The epoch ends, the world is still.
 The age has talk'd and work'd its fill —
 The famous orators have shone,
 The famous poets sung and gone,
 The famous men of war have fought,
 The famous speculators thought,
 The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
 The famous painters fill'd their wall,
 The famous critics judged it all.
 The combatants are parted now —
 Uphung the spear, unbent the bow,
 The puissant crown'd, the weak laid low.
 And in the after-silence sweet,
 Now strifes are hush'd, our ears doth meet,
 Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
 Of this or that down-trodden name
 Delicate spirits, push'd away
 In the hot press of the noon-day.
 And o'er the plain, where the dead age
 Did its now silent warfare wage —
 O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
 Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
 Many spent fames and fallen might —
 The one or two immortal lights
 Rise slowly up into the sky
 To shine there everlastingly,

Like stars over the bounding hill.
The epoch ends, the world is still.

Thundering and bursting
In torrents, in waves—
Carolling and shouting
Over tombs, amid graves—
See! on the cumber'd plain
Clearing a stage,
Scattering the past about,
Comes the new age.
Bards make new poems,
Thinkers new schools,
Statesmen new systems,
Critics new rules.
All things begin again;
Life is their prize;
Earth with their deeds they fill,
Fill with their cries.

Poet, what ails thee, then?
Say, why so mute?
Forth with thy praising voice!
Forth with thy flute!
Loiterer! why sittest thou
Sunk in thy dream?
Tempts not the bright new age?
Shines not its stream?
Look, ah, what genius,

Art, science, wit !
Soldiers like Cæsar,
Statesmen like Pitt !
Sculptors like Phidias,
Raphaels in shoals,
— Poets like Shakespeare —
Beautiful souls !
See, on their glowing cheeks
Heavenly the flush !
— *Ah, so the silence was !*
So was the hush !

The world but feels the present's spell,
The poet feels the past as well ;
Whatever men have done, might do,
Whatever thought, might think it too.

PHILOMELA.

HARK! ah, the nightingale —
The tawny-throated!
Hark, from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark! — what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain —
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change

Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia —
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again — thou hearest?
Eternal passion!
Eternal pain!

DOVER BEACH.

THE sea is calm to-night.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits; — on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night-air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle fur'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,

Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another ! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MORALITY.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides ;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
Thy struggling, task'd morality —
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek !
“ Ah, child ! ” she cries, “ that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine ? ”

“ There is no effort on *my* brow —
I do not strive, I do not weep ;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.

Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once — but where ?

“ I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space ;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.

’Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.”

A SUMMER NIGHT.

IN the deserted, moon-blanch'd street,
How lonely rings the echo of my feet !
Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,
Silent and white, unopening down,
Repellent as the world ; — but see,
A break between the housetops shows
The moon ! and, lost behind her, fading dim
Into the dewy dark obscurity
Down at the far horizon's rim,
Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose !

And to my mind the thought
Is on a sudden brought
Of a past night, and a far different scene.
Headlands stood out into the moonlit deep
As clearly as at noon ;
The spring-tide's brimming flow
Heaved dazzlingly between ;
Houses, with long white sweep,
Girdled the glistening bay ;
Behind, through the soft air,
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away.
That night was far more fair —
But the same restless paces to and fro,
And the same vainly throbbing heart was there,
And the same bright, calm moon.

And the calm moonlight seems to say:
*Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,
Which neither deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possess'd
And never quite benumb'd by the world's sway? —*
And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield and be
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where, in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labour fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast;
And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by which they are
 prest,
Death in their prison reaches them,
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
Listeth, will sail ;
Nor doth he know how there prevail,
Despotic on that sea,
Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.
Awhile he holds some false way, undebarr'd
By thwarting signs, and braves
The freshening wind and blackening waves.
And then the tempest strikes him ; and between
The lightning-bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck
With anguish'd face and flying hair
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false, impossible shore.
And sterner comes the roar
Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,
And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Is there no life, but these alone ?
Madman or slave, must man be one ?

Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain !
Clearness divine !

Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and, though so great,
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate ;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil !
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain —
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency !
How it were good to abide there, and breathe free ;
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still !

THE BURIED LIFE.

LIGHT flows our war of mocking words, and yet,
Behold, with tears mine eyes are wet !
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know, we know that we can smile !
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.
Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love ! thy inmost soul.

Alas ! is even love too weak
To unlock the heart, and let it speak ?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another what indeed they feel ?
I knew the mass of men conceal'd
Their thoughts, for fear that if reveal'd
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reproved ;
I knew they lived and moved
Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves — and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast !

But we, my love ! — doth a like spell benumb
Our hearts, our voices ? — must we too be dumb ?

Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can get free
Our heart, and have our lips unchain'd;
For that which seals them hath been deep-ordain'd!

Fate, which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be —
By what distractions he would be possess'd,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well-nigh change his own identity —
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey
Even in his own despite his being's law,
Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
But often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life;
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart which beats

So wild, so deep in us — to know
Whence our lives come and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas! none ever mines.
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown, on each, spirit and power;
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line, have we been ourselves —
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our breast,
But they course on for ever unexpress'd.
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well — but 'tis not true!
And then we will no more be rack'd
With inward striving, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour
Their stupifying power;
Ah yes, and they benumb us at our call!
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only — but this is rare —
When a belovéd hand is laid in ours,
When, jaded with the rush and glare

Of the interminable hours,
Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear,
When our world-deafen'd ear
Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd —
A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again.
The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
And what we mean, we say, and what we would, we know.
A man becomes aware of his life's flow,
And hears its winding murmur; and he sees
The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.

And there arrives a lull in the hot race
Wherein he doth for ever chase
That flying and elusive shadow, rest.
An air of coolness plays upon his face,
And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
And then he thinks he knows
The hills where his life rose,
And the sea where it goes.

THE FUTURE.

A WANDERER is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.
Whether he wakes,
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream;
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea —
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each, as he glides,
Fable and dream
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been closed
Only the tract where he sails

He wots of ; only the thoughts,
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time ?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough ?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons ?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well ?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure ?

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste ?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him ?

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker, incessanter line;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time —
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream —
May acquire, if not the calm

Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast —
As the pale waste widens around him,
As the banks fade dimmer away,
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.



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